

MARY REILLY

A Screenplay by
Roman Polanski and John Brownjohn

Based on the Novel by
Valerie Martin

FIRST DRAFT

WARNER BROS. INC.
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MARY REILLY

1 EXT. ROOFTOPS (LONDON) - DUSK (1870)

1

PAN OVER a vast expanse of rooftops punctuated by countless chimneystacks. Gas lamps are already glimmering in the sulphurous gloom of a winter's afternoon in the slums of Victorian London.

We MOVE DOWN TO an alleyway flanked by squalid little houses.

2 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DUSK

2

A diminutive figure is picking its way gingerly TOWARD US: MARY, a fair-haired little girl age seven. She's wearing a ragged pinafore dress and clasping a gin bottle to her scrawny chest.

Trash littering the cobblestones has choked the central drain and turned it into a river of filth. Rats are swarming over a heap of garbage in the middle of the alleyway.

Mary gives a horrified shudder and skirts it, hugging the slimy wall. While she's sidling along a huge rat pops out of a hole in the brickwork just ahead of her, narrowly missing her feet.

She jumps, shrieks, and drops the BOTTLE, which SMASHES on the cobblestones, then stands staring down at the mess with her hands over her mouth in utter dismay.

3 INT. SLUM KITCHEN - DUSK

3

A sordid room lit by a grimy window overlooking a small back yard: peeling walls, bare floorboards, a couple of rickety chairs, and a rough wooden table on which repose a battered oil lamp, a glass, and an empty gin bottle.

Mary, her face streaked with tears, is standing submissively in front of her FATHER, who's gripping her by the hair with one hand and slapping her with the other. His voice is hoarse, his speech slurred, his accent Cockney.

MARY'S FATHER

So it was the rat's fault, eh?!

(slap)

Eh?!

(slap)

Eh?!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

He jerks his thumb at a tiny broom closet under the stairs.

MARY'S FATHER

In there!

Sniveling, Mary obediently goes over to the closet, unbolts it, opens the door, and squeezes inside. It's so cramped she has to sit on the floor with her knees drawn up to her chin. Her practiced movements convey that she's no stranger to this form of punishment.

Her Father slams and blots the door, returns to the table, picks up the empty gin bottle, glares at it briefly, and flings it at the closet. There's a startled CRY from inside. Broken GLASS SHOWERS the floorboards.

He extracts some coins from his pocket, squints at them, and lurches out the yard door, slamming it behind him.

4 INT. BROOM CLOSET - DUSK

4

Just enough light penetrates the cracks for us to see Mary huddled up with her chin on her knees. All that breaks the silence is an occasional sniff.

Mary raises her head and listens intently: unsteady FOOTSTEPS are shuffling across the yard. The kitchen DOOR CREAKS open, shuts with a CRASH. The FOOTSTEPS approach the table. A MATCH is STRUCK and the chinks of light grow brighter. The CLINK of BOTTLE against GLASS, the GLUG-GLUG of a drink being poured, SLURPING sounds.

MARY

Please may I come out now? I
promise I won't be clumsy ever
again.

The GLASS is SLAMMED DOWN on the table, FEET SHUFFLE over to the closet.

MARY'S FATHER (O.S.)

I'm going to open this door, Mary,
but if you know what's good for
you you'd best stay put.

The bolt is drawn, the door opens, lamplight streams in.

5 INT. SLUM KITCHEN - NIGHT

5

Silhouetted against the light is the bulky, swaying figure of Mary's Father holding a cloth bag with a drawstring around the neck.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

The bag is alive -- jerking, heaving, bulging: something inside is struggling to escape.

MARY'S FATHER

'Ere's something to keep you company!

Roughly, he stuffs the bag into the little space that's left in the closet and bolts the door again.

6 INT. BROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

6

The bag on Mary's knees heaves convulsively. She goes rigid, shrinks back as far as she can.

Sharp little teeth pierce the cloth and rip a hole in it. We glimpse a bewhiskered nose, a sleek head and two beady eyes, then a pair of scrabbling paws. The rat scrambles out.

Mary screams and tries desperately to thrust the animal away, but it goes wild and sinks its teeth in her wrist.

7 INT. SLUM KITCHEN - NIGHT

7

Mary's Father lolls on a chair, staring blearily at the closet door and mumbling to himself. He's too drunk to register the medley of sounds from inside the closet. His eyelids droop, his head sags, and he slumps forward onto the table, one arm pillowing his head and the other dangling limply.

The closet door is shuddering under the impact of Mary's fists. We hear a crescendo of noise: more hysterical SCREAMS, SCUFFLING, SCRATCHING, SQUEAKING. Then the pandemonium ceases as if cut off by a knife. For a few moments, only drunken snores break the silence.

8 INT. SLUM KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

The yard door opens and Mary's MOTHER enters: a prematurely-aged young woman with a thin, sallow, care-worn face. Her gown and bonnet are as shabby as the shawl around her shoulders. She glances at her husband, scans the room.

MARY'S MOTHER

Mary?

She goes to the door of an inner room, peers in, calls again.

(CONTINUED)

MARY'S MOTHER

Mary?

She goes over to her husband and shakes him by the shoulder.

MARY'S MOTHER

Where's the girl?

No reaction. She scans the room again. Then her eyes narrow. She hurries to the closet door and opens it.

The rat darts out and away. Then Mary's unconscious form keels outward and slumps to the floor. Her neck and hands are covered with blood.

MARY'S MOTHER

Jesus Christ!

She scoops Mary up in her arms and hurries out into the yard.

Mary's Mother, with Mary clasped to her breast, makes her way swiftly down the murky alleyway. Her hurrying figure dwindles to a speck.

We OPEN ON a gloomy, forbidding-looking brick building, part of which has a raised glass roof and high windows. The panes of glass are glowing faintly.

As we PULL BACK and UP, a neglected, weed-infested garden comes INTO VIEW enclosed on the right by a high brick wall with a wooden door set into it.

The lights in the gloomy building go out and a MAN emerges with some books under his arm. He sets off along a flagged path leading across the garden to a house that now comes INTO FRAME and HIDES both him and the garden FROM VIEW.

We PULL BACK STILL FURTHER to reveal the whole building, which bounds the garden on the near side. It's a substantial four-story house at the end of a terrace in a prosperous London neighborhood. The front door is surmounted by a colonnaded portico and approached by a short flight of stone steps.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Iron railings on either side of the steps separate the sidewalk from a sunken area at basement level with another flight of steps leading down to the servants' entrance.

We MOVE ON a second-floor window and look through it.

11 INT. DRAWING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

11

Luxuriously furnished in a style typical of the Victorian upper-middle class, the room is bathed in misty gray light filtering through the windows overlooking the garden, which are shrouded in lace curtains and framed by heavy drapes.

A maid-servant is kneeling in front of the fireplace with a coal scuttle beside her. It's Mary, now a young woman of 22.

Her grimy hands strike a match and put it to the fire in the grate. The wrists protruding from the sleeves are scarred with small white puncture marks. The paper and kindling catch, smoke starts curling up the chimney.

Seated in an armchair in the far corner with his legs crossed and a book open on his lap is the man we saw crossing the garden. It's The Master of the house, a distinguished-looking gentleman in his mid 50s, his hair graying at the temples. He's not reading: his brooding, rather melancholy gaze is focused on Mary, of whom he can see little but a bent back and a pair of heels. Total silence reigns except for the TICKING of a CLOCK on the mantelpiece.

THE MASTER (MAN)

Mary?

Mary gives a start and turns. Her pale face is thin but waifishly appealing. Wisps of fair hair are escaping from under her cap, and her cheeks and apron are black with coal dust.

MARY

I'm sorry, sir, I didn't hear you come in.

THE MASTER

I've noticed you have some scars on your wrists, and others on your neck, near the ear. Would you let me examine them, please?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Taken aback, Mary instinctively touches her neck, leaving yet another black smudge. She rises, wiping her hands on her apron.

MARY

Oh, sir, I'm that black I'd be
ashamed to come near you.

He shuts his book and looks at her in a kindly, pensive way. She briefly meets his gaze, then stares at the floor in confusion.

THE MASTER

Go and wash yourself, then, and
come back up when you feel more
presentable.

Mary bobs, picks up the coal bucket, and hurries out.

12 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

12

A spacious Victorian kitchen: crockery-laden dresser, big black cooking range, burnished pots and pans, long scrubbed table in the center. Part of the neglected garden can be seen through the window. Leading off the kitchen and largely visible from it is a scullery equipped with a big stone sink and a wooden draining board.

Mary, now without her grimy apron, hurriedly finishes washing at the sink and towels herself dry.

BRADSHAW, a brash, handsome manservant in his early 30s, eyes Mary appreciatively as he polishes an array of silver on the table with the help of PETER, a goofy-looking 15-year-old. MRS. KENT, the cook, apple-cheeked and matronly, is stirring a saucepan on the stove.

Mary picks up a silver salver and examines her reflection in it, tucking a couple of strands of hair under her cap. Bradshaw winks at her and clicks his tongue admiringly.

Mary doesn't respond. She slips a pair of clean cuffs on.

13 INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

13

The Master, standing in front of the fire with his hands clasped behind his back, is gazing into the flames. His book lies discarded on the mantelshelf.

Mary appears in the doorway, still tying the strings of a clean apron. The Master doesn't stir.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

She stands there hesitantly for a long moment, then takes a couple of timid steps toward him, smoothing down her apron as she goes. She makes a bob and clears her throat.

MARY
(softly)
Sir?

Very slowly, he turns toward her with a wondering expression, almost as if he's been conversing with someone else and finds it faintly puzzling that she should be there at all. She shyly retreats a step.

MARY
I've come as you asked, sir.

He seems to recollect himself, and the kindly look reappears in his eyes. He approaches her, takes one of her hands and proceeds to examine it with professional detachment, then draws her to the window, where he submits both wrists to careful inspection, tracing the scars with a long, slender, well-manicured forefinger. All that breaks the silence is an occasional sound from the street.

She covertly studies his face in profile but drops her eyes at once when he looks up.

THE MASTER
Let me see your neck.

She tilts her head sideways. He peers long and closely at the white puncture marks on her neck, then runs his fingers lightly over them. She shuts her eyes and flushes crimson at their touch.

THE MASTER
These appear to be bites,
doubtless the teeth marks of some
animal.

MARY
They are, sir.

THE MASTER
A rodent, at a guess -- quite a
sizeable one.

MARY
He was a rat, that's true, sir.
I never really saw him, mind, but
he was as heavy as a dog.

The Master gives a faint chuckle. She looks up shyly.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MARY

Did I say something funny, sir?

THE MASTER

It wasn't what you said, Mary, it
was the way you said it. You have
a frank manner which is not
without charm.

MARY

I try to speak honest, sir.

THE MASTER

I'm curious to know how you could
have been so badly bitten by a
beast you never really saw.

MARY

I was in a closet, sir -- it was
dark as Egypt in there.

THE MASTER

A closet?

MARY

Yes, sir, I'd been put there as a
punishment. I was only a little'un
at the time.There's a KNOCK at the half-open door. Mary abruptly,
instinctively, steps back and away from The Master.POOLE the butler, a sour-faced, self-important man of
50, enters carrying a salver with a newspaper on it.
His eyebrows momentarily flicker at the sight of Mary's
proximity to The Master.

POOLE

Your Times, sir.

THE MASTER

Thank you, Poole.

Mary bobs and makes for the door with her head down.
Poole flashes her a disapproving glance as he passes her
on his way to The Master.

14

EXT. THE MASTER'S HOUSE - TERRACE - NIGHT

14

The house makes a festive impression: all the lower
windows are lit.

A carriage pulls up outside.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

The coachman gets down and opens the nearside door. A couple alight and climb the steps. Poole opens the front door and ushers them inside.

Just as the door closes another carriage comes CLIP-CLOPPING along the terrace.

15 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

15

A candlelit dining room resplendent with fine napery, gleaming silver and glassware. The Master is seated at the head of the table. His five guests are MR. and MRS. GRAHAM UTTERSON, he a dapper attorney with pomaded hair, she a bosomy socialite in a fashionable evening gown; DR. CHARLES and MRS. LANYON, both very Scottish, he gruff and bearded, she a thin, dowdy creature with a mouth like a prune; and the REVEREND MR. PHILIP LITTLETON, an earnest-looking clergyman wearing pince-nez on a broad black ribbon.

Poole pours sherry while Mary timidly circulates with a tureen and Bradshaw ladles mock turtle soup into the plates. There's a general hum of conversation.

THE MASTER

(to Rev. Littleton)

You said you had some news for me, Philip. Good news, I trust?

REV. LITTLETON

Splendid news, truly splendid!

(to the others)

You must hear this, everyone!

(silence falls)

My charity school, which our host here so generously supports, has just scored a notable success.

One of my former pupils -- a young man of the very humblest origins -- has been appointed to the post of Latin master!

DR. LANYON

You call that a cause for self-congratulation? Personally, I devote one day a week to the free hospital. Better by far to keep the poor in good health and profitably employed than cram their heads with useless knowledge.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MRS. LANYON

(grimly)

And give them ideas above their station. Social distinctions are not dependent on a knowledge of Latin. It's blood that counts.

THE MASTER

I hesitate to take issue with the wife of a fellow physician, Mrs. Lanyon, but your own blood, though just distinguishable under the microscope from a chimpanzee's...

MRS. LANYON

Thank you!

THE MASTER

... would be indistinguishable from that of your scullery maid.

MRS. LANYON

Well, really!

Mrs. Utterson smothers a laugh.

UTTERSON

Or from that of a criminal, I presume.

DR. LANYON

Trust a lawyer to invoke the baser instincts of mankind.

THE MASTER

(gravely)

Or from that of a criminal...

(beat)

... in the present state of scientific research.

UTTERSON

(jocularly)

You mean it may someday be possible to convict a man of murder on the evidence of the blood in his veins? If so, there'll be no demand for juries -- or barristers either!

He chuckles, but The Master's expression remains earnest.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

THE MASTER

Who would venture to predict what
may or may not be possible a
century from now... or even a day?

Something about his manner casts a temporary blight on
the proceedings. Silence except for the discreet scrape
of soup spoons on soup plates.

16 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

16

Mrs. Kent bustles to and fro between the stove and the
table, removing dishes from the oven and placing them
on trays while Mary and Bradshaw stand waiting to carry
them upstairs. Peter has already started washing up
soup plates at the scullery sink.

Mrs. Kent sprinkles some chopped parsley over a dish of
new potatoes just as Poole hurries in with a face like
thunder.

POOLE

What's the delay, Mrs. Kent?

Mrs. Kent holds up a pinch of parsley.

MRS. KENT

This is the delay, Mr. Poole. New
potatoes and not a sprig o' parsley
in the house -- I had to send Peter
next door to borrow some.

POOLE

Well, hurry up, they're waiting.

Mrs. Kent wipes her hands on her apron, takes a meat
platter with a big leg of roast lamb on it from the top
of the range, and plunks it down on a tray.

MRS. KENT

(to Mary and Bradshaw)
There. Off you go now.

Mary and Bradshaw pick up the trays and make for the
door with Poole following like a sheepdog.

MRS. KENT

We could grow our own right here
-- and most of our vegetables, too.
(nods at the window)
It's a disgrace, that garden.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

POOLE

(over his shoulder)

Well, why don't you do something
about it? You're from the country.

MRS. KENT

With my rheumatics?

POOLE

(almost out the door)

Mary and Peter could do the rough
work. I'll put it to The Master.

17 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

17

The Master is carving the joint at the sideboard.
 Bradshaw takes the plates as soon as they're filled and
 sets them before the guests. Mary circulates with the
 vegetable dishes while Poole serves the wine.

MRS. UTTERSON

(to Mrs. Lanyon)

You mean you haven't read about
the case?

MRS. LANYON

I seldom read the popular press.

MRS. UTTERSON

But my dear, it's an absolute
 sensation! The woman was beaten
 to death with a statuette. Quite
 a valuable one, actually -- it was
 badly damaged.

MRS. LANYON

(with distaste)

And what is your particular
 interest in this sordid affair,
 Mrs. Utterson?

MRS. UTTERSON

Why, Graham has been retained to
 defend the husband on a charge
 of murder.

UTTERSON

The man's as guilty as sin, of
 course, but he swears he isn't.
 As his counsel I'm bound to accept
 his word.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

The Master finishes carving and resumes his place at the head of the table.

THE MASTER

Would you not agree, Graham, that many acts of violence are prompted by frustration -- by an urge to throw off the shackles of conventional behavior?

UTTERSON

Possibly.

DR. LANYON

If convention is all that preserves us from the less desirable aspects of human nature, thank God for it!

THE MASTER

Who knows the true nature of human nature? We're so overcivilized, it's hard to tell what lies beneath the veneer.

MRS. LANYON

Overcivilized?! How can one possibly be overcivilized?

THE MASTER

Because we may be distorting the true image of humanity.

REV. LITTLETON

As to that, Henry, the Bible tells us that man was created in the image of God.

THE MASTER

Then you, of all people, should be eager to see God's image with your own eyes.

REV. LITTLETON

That, I fear, is an experience reserved for the life hereafter.

THE MASTER

What if it were possible to hasten that experience?

REV. LITTLETON

I don't follow you.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

THE MASTER

What if there were some means of liberating man from his moral straitjacket? Would you have the courage to accept him as he really is?

REV. LITTLETON

If by liberating him you mean turning him loose in some Darwinian jungle where the strong prey unhindered on the weak, no, certainly not.

THE MASTER

In that case, Philip, for a man of the cloth you take an extremely jaundiced view of God's creation. Man without his straitjacket might not be the jungle beast you assume.

DR. LANYON

I trust these fanciful remarks have no bearing on the experiments you conduct in that witches' kitchen of yours?

THE MASTER

And if they did?

DR. LANYON

If they did, I should be forced to conclude that you haven't changed one jot or tittle since medical school.

(to the others)

Henry always was prone to strange whims. Saving your presence, ladies, he once infuriated our professor by suggesting that a patient's dreams might be a better aid to diagnosis than the state of his bowels!

Mrs. Lanyon frowns at her husband's sally, Rev. Littleton smiles dutifully, Mr. and Mrs. Utterson laugh, The Master stares at his plate with a ghost of a smile on his lips.

18 INT. ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

A simply-furnished servant's bedroom. Mary is lying awake by moonlight in her iron-framed bed, staring at the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Mechanically, her hand goes to the scars on her neck. She feels them with her fingertips.

FOOTSTEPS can be heard. She lifts her head and listens: someone's going down the stairs. A DOOR CLOSES. She sits up and looks out of the window.

19 EXT. GARDEN - LABORATORY BUILDING - MARY'S POV - NIGHT 19

The Master walks down the flagged path to the door of the gloomy brick building, opens it, and enters. The door closes behind him. Moments later the glass roof takes on a faint glow.

20 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 20

Mary's hands place a teapot on a tray already laden with breakfast things.

Mrs. Kent is frying kidneys and bacon at the stove while Peter shines boots at the far end of the table.

Bradshaw enters wearing his overcoat and carrying a cardboard box of chemical jars under his arm.

BRADSHAW

Ready?

Mary adorns the tray with a silver eggcup containing a few primroses and stands back to admire the effect.

Bradshaw extracts one of the primroses and holds it archly behind his ear just as Mrs. Kent bustles over with a silver warming dish.

BRADSHAW

(sings from Mikado)

'The flowers that bloom in the
spring, tra-la...'

Mrs. Kent plunks the warming dish on the tray, removes the primrose from Bradshaw's hand, which she playfully slaps, and replaces it in the eggcup.

MRS. KENT

There you go.

Mary picks up the tray and follows Bradshaw out of the door to the garden.

21

EXT. GARDEN - LABORATORY BUILDING - MORNING

21

Bradshaw and Mary, carrying the box and the tray, cross the neglected garden to the laboratory building, which looks somber and forbidding even in daylight. Bradshaw opens the door for Mary and they go inside.

22

INT. SURGICAL THEATER

22

The dusty, cavernous room gets most of its light from the glass roof overhead. Bolted to the floor in the center is a wooden operating table fitted with straps for immobilizing patients undergoing surgery, and beside it stands a smaller table bearing an assortment of rusty, grisly-looking surgical instruments: scalpels, saws, amputation knives, pincers. More instruments are arrayed on racks nearby. Overlooking the operating table are three semicircular observation tiers, each enclosed at elbow level by a rail. The windows are thick with cobwebs.

Standing against the walls are a few discarded crates and packing cases, some containing glass carboys packed in straw that has spilled out across the stone floor. On the far side of the room a flight of stairs runs up to a small landing and a door covered with faded red baize.

Bradshaw heads for the stairs. Mary follows, giving the operating table a wide berth. There's a table on the landing, and on it is an almost untouched supper tray. Bradshaw clicks his tongue and shakes his head.

BRADSHAW

(whispers)

He ain't hardly touched it again.

He puts the cardboard box down, Mary deposits the breakfast tray and picks up the supper tray. Bradshaw knocks discreetly.

BRADSHAW

(calls)

Your breakfast, sir.

No response. As he turns to go he notices a slip of paper with a copperplate heading protruding from under the door. He picks it up, glances at it, shrugs, puts it in his pocket, and sets off down the stairs.

Mary makes another wide detour around the operating table. Bradshaw pauses.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BRADSHAW
 (in an undertone)
 I notice you always look away when
 we pass here.

Mary indicates the surgical instruments and shudders.

MARY
 It's them things. They give me
 the creeps.

Bradshaw takes a scalpel from the instrument table.

BRADSHAW
 Yer, think of it, Mary: he used
 to slice folk open on this very
 table with a bunch of students
 watching. Like this!

He makes a sweeping incision in thin air, accompanied by a gruesome noise at the back of his throat. Mary instinctively recoils.

MARY
 Oh, do stop it, Mr. Bradshaw!

BRADSHAW
 I bet if you really looked you
 could still see the bloodstains...

She heads for the door fast. Bradshaw replaces the scalpel and catches her up, chuckling to himself.

23 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

23

Mary, carrying the supper tray, accompanies Bradshaw along the path to the kitchen door.

BRADSHAW
 He ain't no common doctor no more,
 setting bones and packing sick
 folk off to bed.

MARY
 So what does he do now?

BRADSHAW
 Mr. Poole says his work is very
 important, very scientific like.
 He's always working in his head,
 even when he don't look it...

24 INT./EXT. ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

24

Mary, in her nightgown, stares pensively through the window as she brushes her hair. The surgical theater's glass roof is faintly glowing in the darkness.

25 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

25

A comfortably-furnished room dominated by a big bed with a carved oak head and footboard. There's an open fireplace and a window table with an armchair beside it. Repositing on a marble-topped washstand in the corner are a bowl, a ewer, a man's silver-backed hairbrushes, etc. A large cheval mirror can be seen through the open door that leads to The Master's dressing room.

Mary is trimming the wick of an oil lamp. She glances at the bed: it's neatly turned down but unslept-in.

26 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

26

The walls are lined with bookshelves. In the center is a library table with an oil lamp on it, also a book, open but face down.

Mary finishes trimming the lamp and replaces the chimney. She peers at the spine of the book, which is titled in Latin, and turns it over. The exposed pages bear anatomical drawings of a man and a woman with their intestines exposed to view.

A voice speaks in Mary's ear.

BRADSHAW (O.S.)
Cor, that looks painful!

Mary gasps and snaps the book shut.

Bradshaw's grinning face materializes at her shoulder. He's carrying a suit on a clothes hanger over one arm.

MARY
I found it lying open.

BRADSHAW
Oh yes?

MARY
Truly I did, Mr. Bradshaw.

BRADSHAW
Pity. I thought maybe you weren't
as innocent as you look.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Mary glares at him, clicks her tongue, and flounces out of the room. He watches her go, chuckling, then flips the book open himself.

27 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

27

A dry but windy spring day. Clouds of dust drift across the garden to the accompaniment of dull, rhythmical THUMPING SOUNDS. Mary, wearing a sackcloth apron and a cloth over her hair, is walloping a carpet suspended from a wooden frame.

The surgical theater door opens and The Master emerges. Mary catches sight of him and pauses to watch as he walks slowly along the path like a ghost, unshaven and gray-faced with fatigue, staring at the ground. He disappears into the house.

Mary stands staring at the door that has just closed behind him. A puff of wind sends dust swirling past it.

28 INT. ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

Moonlight is streaming through the window. Mary's asleep in bed. She stirs, opens her eyes, raises her head, listens intently.

She sits up, straining her ears to catch the sound that awakened her: a faint, distant MURMUR. Slipping stealthily out of bed, she eases the bedroom door open and listens some more. Torn between fear and curiosity, she takes her cloak from a hook on the door, wraps it around her, and tiptoes out onto the landing.

29 INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

29

Mary tiptoes down the last few stairs. The MURMUR GROWS LOUDER. She looks along the passage. Light is slanting across it from the drawing room door, which is ajar.

30 INT. PASSAGE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

30

The murmur can now be identified as a MAN'S VOICE reciting something.

Mary steals up to the drawing room door and looks in.

The Master is kneeling in an attitude of prayer with his elbows resting on the arm of a chair near the fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

THE MASTER

... he leadeth me beside still
waters, he restoreth my soul. He
leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death I
shall fear no...

He breaks off -- Mary has trodden on a CREAKING FLOOR-BOARD -- and looks around sharply. There are tears in his eyes.

THE MASTER

Why, Mary, you startled me.

Very diffidently, Mary steps forward into the light.

MARY

I... I beg your pardon, sir.

He smiles and draws a hand across his eyes.

THE MASTER

Everyone should pray now and then,
don't you think? It unburdens the
soul.

MARY

I'm sorry if I startled you, sir.

He gets to his feet. There's an awkward pause filled by the TICKING of the CLOCK on the mantelpiece.

MARY

Should I make up the fire?

He nods. She kneels in front of the hearth, becomes embarrassingly aware that her bare feet are visible under her nightgown, tries to cover them up.

MARY

I'm sorry, sir, I have no slippers.

THE MASTER

We must get you some. I'll speak
to Poole about it.

She busies herself with the fire, raking out ash with the poker, adding kindling and coal to the embers. The Master watches her in silence for a while.

(CONTINUED)

THE MASTER

Would it surprise you to know that
I envy you, Mary?

She pauses in her work and looks around.

MARY

You envy me, sir? How can that be?

THE MASTER

You always look so serene. Are
you never frightened?

MARY

Why yes, sir. Everyone is at
times.

THE MASTER

And what frightens you?

MARY

I dunno, sir, many things. The
dark... being shut up in small
places...

THE MASTER

Yes, of course, you would be
afraid of that.

Mary gets to her feet.

THE MASTER

By the way, you never told me who
put you in there.

MARY

My father, sir. It was him as set
the rat on me.

THE MASTER

(gravely)

Your father?! What a monstrous
thing to do.

MARY

He wasn't no monster, sir, just
drunk.

THE MASTER

So you think it was only that that
caused him to abuse you.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

MARY

Yes, sir. It was like there was
two different men inside him, and
drink brought the cruel one out.

He stares at her abstractedly and speaks almost to
himself.

THE MASTER

Or let him out...

The CLOCK WHIRS and STRIKES ONE. He surfaces.

MARY

Is there anything I can bring you,
sir?

THE MASTER

You already have, Mary: you've
brought me the consolation of your
presence.

He smiles. Mary shyly reciprocates.

MARY

Good night, sir.

THE MASTER

Good night, Mary.

She bobs and exits. His smile gives way to a look of
infinite melancholy as he watches her go.

31 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

31

Mary, wielding a fork, has already turned and cleared
enough soil for a couple of rows of vegetables. Mrs.
Kent, groaning as she bends down, is sowing seeds from
a packet while Peter gathers up the weeds Mary has
unearthed and puts them on a pile.

MRS. KENT

There's nothing to beat a bowl
o' nice, crisp radishes, even if
they do repeat on you...

Peter tramples across the strip of freshly-turned soil.

MRS. KENT

(to Peter)

Here, mind where you put your
feet! You're treading on me
lettuces!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

PETER
 (looks down,
 scratches head)
 I c-c-can't see 'em, Mrs. K-k-kent.

Mrs. Kent clicks her tongue and wags her head in mild despair.

MRS. KENT
 Oh, Peter...

Poole and Bradshaw have emerged from the house lugging a long, rectangular object corded up in a blanket. They carry it along the path to the laboratory building.

Mrs. Kent, Mary and Peter pause to watch.

POOLE
 Mary, over here! Open this door
 for us.

Mary hurries over. She opens the door and stands on the threshold with her back against it. Poole and Bradshaw brush past her and enter.

32 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - DAY

32

Poole and Bradshaw head for the stairs while Mary stands indecisively in the doorway. At the foot of the stairs Poole calls over his shoulder.

POOLE
 Here, the key's in my pocket.

He indicates his jacket pocket with a nod, Mary hurries over to him, taking care to keep her distance from the operating table, and extracts the key.

POOLE
 Go on ahead and open up.

Mary climbs the stairs with the other two toiling after her. She inserts the key in the lock, turns it, and opens the door.

33 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

33

The long, dim room gets its light from a big single window at the far end. Backlit by this window is a laboratory table laden with flasks, retorts, coils, cork-stoppered test tubes, odd-shaped spoons, scales, Bunsen burners, and other scientific apparatus.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

The nearer end is in sharp contrast. It's a cozy masculine den. The floorboards are well-carpeted, the walls lined with bookshelves. There's a handsome fireplace with a fine brass fender and an old black kettle on the hob, a day-bed, and a comfortable armchair with a pipe-rack and tobacco jar on a table beside it. Also on the table are some vials, a tourniquet strap, and some antiquated-looking hypodermic syringes.

Mary enters. She walks slowly toward the laboratory end, making room for Poole and Bradshaw to follow her in, and stands gazing at the unfamiliar scene. When she finally turns around, Poole and Bradshaw have deposited their burden on the carpet and are undoing the last loop of cord securing the blanket.

The blanket falls away to reveal the big cheval mirror from The Master's dressing room. Mary's reflection stares back at her. For a moment, the world seems to stand still.

Then FOOTSTEPS are heard on the stairs and The Master appears. He enters, rounds the mirror and eyes it appraisingly, nodding his head.

Poole looks at Mary and jerks his head at the door. She bobs and exits.

POOLE

Where would you like it put, sir?

THE MASTER

It'll do very well where it is,
Poole.

Poole and Bradshaw gather up the cord and blanket and go out on the landing.

34 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - DAY

34

Poole and Bradshaw emerge onto the landing. The Master removes the key from the laboratory door.

POOLE

Will you be dining in, sir?

THE MASTER

No, no dinner. Cold cuts on a tray will suffice. I shall be working late. Don't wait up for me.

POOLE

Very good, sir.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

The Master retires into his laboratory and shuts the door. We hear the KEY TURN in the LOCK as Poole and Bradshaw set off down the stairs.

35 EXT. FRONT STEPS - MORNING

35

Mary is on her knees scrubbing the steps. Wisps of hair escaping from her headcloth are plastered to her moist, flushed cheeks. She hears someone coming down the hall and looks up.

Poole halts in the doorway and looks down at her coolly.

POOLE

Leave that, Mary, the Master's just come in. Get a fire going in his room -- he's perished.

Mary picks up her bucket, empties it into the gutter, and hurries inside.

36 INT. PASSAGE - MORNING

36

Mary, flushed and disheveled, pauses outside the door of The Master's bedroom carrying a coal scuttle and kindling materials. She knocks.

No response. She opens the door.

37 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

37

Mary enters, bobs. The Master is lying back in an armchair near the fireplace with a dressing gown over his shirt and trousers. He looks drained and dazed -- almost oblivious of his surroundings.

THE MASTER

Ah, the fire, good.

Mary kneels in front of the hearth, rakes out the ashes, crumples some old newspaper, places kindling on top of it, adds coal, puts a match to the paper.

THE MASTER

That's better, Mary. I'm chilled to the bone.

MARY

Beg pardon for saying so, sir, but it ain't surprising, what with not eating proper and working all hours.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

He raises himself a little and cocks an eyebrow at her.

THE MASTER
Are you chiding me, Mary?

MARY
Oh no, sir, I'd never make so bold.

She leans forward and blows the smoldering newspaper into a blaze. The Master watches her for some seconds through half-closed eyes.

THE MASTER
What is it about you, Mary?

She turns and rises, wiping her hands on her apron.

MARY
I beg your pardon, sir?

THE MASTER
There's something about that earnest, sober manner of yours...

MARY
Sir?

THE MASTER
... something that encourages me to believe I can trust you. Can I trust you, Mary?

MARY
I hope you can, sir, in all things.

He looks at her for a long moment as if trying to read her character, then slowly nods his head.

THE MASTER
You have a half-day off this week?

MARY
I do, sir. Thursday.

He nods again, as slowly as before, and withdraws an envelope from his pocket. He taps it on his palm while speaking.

THE MASTER
This is a matter of some importance to me, Mary. May I count on your absolute discretion?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

Mary looks almost hurt.

MARY

Please, sir.

THE MASTER

Then I should like you to deliver this letter for me by hand on that day, but no one must know of it. Not Poole, not Mrs. Kent -- no one. Do you understand?

MARY

(momentarily
disconcerted)

Yes, sir.

THE MASTER

In that case...

He holds out the envelope. Hesitantly, Mary steps forward and takes it, reads the address and pales. She looks up at him.

THE MASTER

Is something amiss?

MARY

No, sir.

(pause)

That's... that's in SoHo, ain't it?

He meets her gaze, but his eyelids are drooping.

THE MASTER

It is.

She tucks the envelope into her sleeve.

THE MASTER

I'm indebted to you, Mary.

He sinks back in his chair with a sigh and shuts his eyes.

Mary stands looking down at him, uncertain whether to stay or go. At length she bobs and quietly leaves the room.

38 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

38

Everything is shrouded in fog.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

Mary, wearing a bonnet and gloves and a cloak over her best gown, keeps as far from the roadway as possible. She's jostled by passersby who loom up out of the murk like phantoms. Cabs, carriages and wagons speed past, their wheels sending up showers of mud. The CLATTER of HOOVES is deafening.

There's a sudden commotion ahead: a cab has overturned. The horse, which is still between the shafts, kicks and struggles vainly in an attempt to get up. Two smartly-dressed passengers are scrambling out, the cabby is trading punches and insults with the driver of a stationery brewer's dray, which has slewed across the road at an angle, bystanders are yelling advice and encouragement, a constable is hurrying to the scene. Mary gives the incident a wide berth and hurries on.

39

EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

39

A poorer neighborhood. Mary pauses at a market stall to inquire the way from a greengrocer, but the general hubbub drowns their voices. She has to repeat the address. He looks at her oddly and points.

40

EXT. MEAN STREET - DAY

40

Mary emerges from a low brick tunnel with streaming walls. She comes out into a narrower and much more squalid street. Idlers lounging in doorways follow her with their eyes, a slatternly woman empties a pail of slops into the gutter and splashes her lace-up boots; pallid sharp-faced urchins pluck at her cloak and hold out their hands for a coin.

She hurries with downcast eyes past a gin palace and a cheap eating-house. There's a row of seedy-looking houses ahead. She walks more slowly, checking the numbers.

41

EXT. MRS. FARRADAY'S HOUSE - DAY

41

One of the houses is slightly less dilapidated than its neighbors. It has a red front door and a raised step separating it from the filth of the street.

Mary hesitates for an instant before lifting her skirt and perching on the doorstep. The door sports a brass knocker in the shape of a naked woman. Mary averts her eyes from it as she knocks. No response. She knocks again. There's a RUSTLE of PETTICOATS and a PATTER of FOOTSTEPS.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

The door opens abruptly, and Mary is confronted by a pair of cold, mean, suspicious eyes. MRS. FARRADAY, a middle-aged woman with frizzy, hennaed hair, is wearing a gown cut low enough to expose her stringy throat and bony neck. Her voice is husky, her accent Cockney with pretensions to gentility.

MRS. FARRADAY

Well, here's a fine young miss on my doorstep, having been turned out of her position, I shouldn't wonder. Was it for pinching the silver, my girl, or was it the brandy?

MARY

I'm looking for Mrs. Farraday.

MRS. FARRADAY

You're looking at her, too.

MARY

I've a letter here from Dr. Jekyll.
(fumbles nervously with
her sleeve buttons)

He bid me deliver it to you by hand and wait on your answer, which you may give me direct, without writing.

She withdraws the envelope. Mrs. Farraday snatches it out of her hand and eagerly breaks the seal.

MRS. FARRADAY

Harry Jekyll, eh? And what does he want with Mrs. Farraday today?

She withdraws a handwritten sheet from the envelope, extracts two banknotes, and slips them deftly down the front of her gown.

Mary watches, baffled, as Mrs. Farraday peruses the letter with her eyebrows raised and a satisfied smirk on her lips. Having finished reading, she eyes Mary up and down over the top of the notepaper.

MRS. FARRADAY

I thought it would come to something like this.

MARY

I'm afraid I know nothing of it.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

MRS. FARRADAY
 Count yourself lucky, my girl.

She takes another look at the letter, hissing between her teeth and casting quick, beady glances at Mary between times.

MRS. FARRADAY
 These terms are acceptable. I'll say that much for Harry Jekyll: he knows the price of things.

MARY
 Then... your answer is yes?

Mrs. Farraday folds the letter, stuffs it back in the envelope, and sends it to join the banknotes, smiling at Mary in a spiteful, knowing way.

MRS. FARRADAY
 You look innocent enough, and you're very cool, aren't you? Proud too, I'll wager, but time'll take care of that.

Mary stares back at her defiantly. Mrs. Farraday adopts a more businesslike tone.

MRS. FARRADAY
 Tell your master it'll take me a week to clear everyone out, and another week to make the... alterations he requires.

Mary hesitates.

MARY
 I'll tell him your answer's yes, then, in two weeks' time.

MRS. FARRADAY
 Mm. And give him Mrs. Farraday's compliments for choosing such a hoity-toity little minx for a messenger. You can tell him the next time he has business with me he'd best come himself. He ain't above it, God knows.

She shuts the door. Mary stands there for a moment, then steps down into the roadway and hurries back the way she came.

31.

42 INT. ATTIC BEDROOM - DAY

42

The house is silent, but Mary's already up and dressed. She hurriedly tucks her hair under he cap and exits, closing the door quietly behind her.

43 INT. PASSAGE - DAWN

43

Mary tiptoes along the passage to The Master's bedroom. She pauses to listen, then taps very softly on the door. No response. With extreme care she turns the handle and opens it an inch or two.

44 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

44

Mary peers around the door. The bed is made up but empty. She withdraws her head. The door closes.

45 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

45

Mrs. Kent fries some eggs and bacon on the stove while Bradshaw and Peter sit waiting for their breakfast at the kitchen table. Mary, who has already finished hers, is idly crumbling a piece of bread and staring into space. Bradshaw eyes her quizzically.

MRS. KENT

You look worn out, Mary.

Mary gives a start.

MARY

I didn't sleep too well, Mrs. Kent.

BRADSHAW

Have a good time yesterday?

MRS. KENT

Yes, my dear, I forgot to ask.
Did you get that new pattern you wanted?

MARY

(guiltily)

Oh... No, Mrs. Kent, I... I just went for a walk in the park.

MRS. KENT

Ah, did you see that old gardener friend of yours -- what's his name?

MARY

Mr. Trott.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

BRADSHAW

It ain't any old gardener as gives
 a girl black rings under the eyes,
 Mrs. Kent. Looks to me like she
 met a younger friend in the park
 -- one as came on a bit too
 vigorous, what?

Mary looks up gravely.

MARY

I do wish that was the truth, Mr.
 Bradshaw.

The other two laugh. Smiling ruefully despite herself,
 Mary gets up and exits into the basement passage.

46 INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

46

Mary is down on her knees in front of the fireplace.
 She's adding some coal to the fire she's just laid when
 Poole appears in the doorway.

POOLE

What's the matter with you, girl?
 That can wait. Get downstairs and
 take the Master's breakfast across.

MARY

Yes, Mr. Poole.

Poole clicks his tongue and walks off.

Mary starts tidying the hearth. She turns her head and
 listens, then rises swiftly to her feet and tiptoes over
 to the bureau. Taking a copperplate-headed prescription
 form from the letter rack, she dips a pen in the inkwell
 and writes in a round, copybook hand: "The answer is yes
 but she says you must wate 2 weeks."

47 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - DAY

47

Mary deposits a breakfast tray on the table outside the
 laboratory door. She glances around, extracts the crum-
 pled, grimy note from her apron pocket, smoothes it out
 as best she can, and slides it under the door.

48 INT. ATTIC BEDROOM - DAWN

48

Mary stirs in her sleep, wakes, props herself on one elbow and listens: FOOTSTEPS are coming along the garden path below her window. An outside DOOR OPENS and CLOSES.

She sits up in bed and cocks her head, frowning. A moment's silence. Slipping out of bed, she quietly opens the door and listens some more: the FOOTSTEPS -- heavier and brisker than The Master's -- are climbing the stairs.

She tiptoes out onto the landing.

49 INT. ATTIC LANDING, STAIRS - DAWN

49

Mary pauses on the landing. The footsteps reach the second-floor landing but climb no higher and proceed along the passage. She tiptoes quickly downstairs to the third floor landing, where she pauses again to listen. Someone is moving around in the drawing room. Very cautiously, she starts to descend the next flight of stairs. As she does so her cloak catches a candlestick on the landing table. The candlestick hits the floor with a muffled thud, the candle becomes dislodged and rolls sideways on down the uncarpeted portion of the stairs, one tread at a time: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK...

Mary cowers back against the wall and freezes. A long moment's absolute silence. Then the FOOTSTEPS hurry back along the passage and pause immediately below her: the telltale candle has been spotted.

Another long silence. Mary continues to cower there with bated breath. The dawn light slanting through the landing's stained-glass window seems to dapple her hands and face with blood.

At last the FOOTSTEPS hurry on down the stairs. An outside DOOR CLOSES. Mary slowly comes to life and tiptoes down to the second floor.

50 INT. PASSAGE - DAWN

50

Mary steals along the passage to the drawing-room door, which is ajar. She peers in, then enters.

51 INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAWN

51

Closed curtains bathe the room in a kind of twilight. Mary tiptoes in. One of the bureau drawers is protruding a few inches. Going closer, she finds The Master's check-book lying open with a pen beside it. The pen has clearly been discarded in a hurry, leaving an ink-stain on the blotter.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Gingerly, Mary picks up the pen, peers at the inky nib, replaces it in the inkwell, shuts the checkbook and puts it in the drawer, shuts that too. She turns and leans against the desk to compose herself.

52 INT. LANDING, PASSAGE - DAWN

52

Mary creeps up the last few stairs to the third floor landing. She pauses and looks along the passage at The Master's bedroom door, hesitates, then tiptoes toward it, turns the handle, and -- very cautiously -- opens it.

53 INT. MASTER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

53

The curtains are drawn, but the windows are open and a fitful morning breeze keeps parting them to create an alternation of light and shade.

Mary enters. The Master's bed is undisturbed. As if it holds some magnetic attraction for her, Mary tiptoes across and gently runs her hand over the coverlet. Slowly turning her head to survey the rest of the room, she gives a little jump, startled by her own reflection in the mirror on the washstand.

She goes over and inspects her face in it. Her eyes are unnaturally bright. She smoothes her disheveled hair with both hands.

54 INT. STAIRS, ATTIC LANDING - DAWN

54

Mary tiptoes up the last flight of stairs with her head down, trying hard to make no sound. She reaches the top, looks up and gasps.

Poole, in nightshirt and dressing gown, has been watching her. He speaks in a low but commanding voice.

POOLE

What are you doing, Mary?

MARY

I... I heard something, Mr. Poole.
I thought it might be a burglar.

POOLE

The correct course of action would have been to rouse me, not creep around the house improperly attired. Return to your room at once.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

MARY
Yes, Mr. Poole.

She hurriedly disappears into her room under his vigilant gaze.

55 INT. BUTLER'S PARLOR ~ DAY

55

A small room off the kitchen with a central table and a desk in one corner.

Mrs. Kent, Mary, Bradshaw and Peter are lined up behind the table, exchanging nervous glances and talking in an undertone. Mrs. Kent wears a face of doom. Poole is pacing to and fro.

MRS. KENT
I don't like it at all.

BRADSHAW
P'raps he's lost all his money
and can't afford to keep a grand
house no more.

POOLE
That's enough, Mr. Bradshaw.

MRS. KENT
Mr. Bradshaw could be right. I
lost my last position for just
such a reason. I don't like it
at all.

POOLE
I expect he wants some minor
change in the running of things,
nothing more.

They stiffen at the sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS.

The Master strolls in, one hand in his pocket, installs himself in the chair beside Poole's desk and crosses his legs. Poole deferentially steps aside to make room for him.

THE MASTER
Good, you're all here.

POOLE
Yes, sir, and eager to hear what
you have to tell us.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

The Master looks at Mrs. Kent, who has turned pale and is clutching the back of a chair.

THE MASTER

Dear me, I'd say eager was the wrong work. Poor Mrs. Kent looks as if she may faint clean away at any moment. Do sit down, Mrs. Kent.

He gestures at a chair.

MRS. KENT

(not budging)

Thank you, sir.

THE MASTER

No, please do.

Mrs. Kent obediently subsides.

THE MASTER

Good heavens, I haven't called you together to announce some dire catastrophe. What I have to tell you is quite commonplace and should hardly affect the duties you discharge so faithfully.

(smiles, pauses)

As you all know -- and as Mary here (glances at her)

... has told me ere now -- my scientific work consumes so much of my time and energy that I scarcely have enough of either to carry it out. And so, after careful consideration, I have decided to engage an... assistant.

He pauses as if inviting comment, but all that greets his announcement is an attentive silence.

Mary, who blushed crimson when he singled her out, is now staring hard at the floor to avoid Poole's hostile gaze.

THE MASTER

I inform you of this decision because it is important to me, and to my work, that the gentleman in question, Mr. Edward Hyde, should be as free to come and go in my home as he will be in my laboratory, and that he should be treated with the same respect and courtesy you so amply accord to me.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

POOLE

You may depend upon it, sir.

Another momentary silence. Mrs. Kent is mechanically smoothing her apron.

THE MASTER

Good.

(rises)

That's settled, then.

He walks leisurely out of the room.

56 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

56

Poole, Mrs. Kent, Bradshaw and Mary are sitting over the dregs of their supper beer while Peter washes up at the scullery sink.

POOLE

As one who has been in the Master's employ these twenty years, Mr. Bradshaw, I can assure you he would not have taken such a step lightly.

BRADSHAW

Funny, though, having a stranger around the place. What's his position, anyway? I mean, is he paid a wage same as us?

POOLE

Not a wage, Mr. Bradshaw. The Master referred to Mr. Hyde as a gentleman. Gentlemen receive salaries. Wages are for the likes of you.

BRADSHAW

What's the difference, it's all money, ain't it?

POOLE

If you cannot perceive the difference, Mr. Bradshaw, it only goes to show why I'm a butler and you're a footman.

He rises with hauteur and disappears into his parlor, shutting the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

BRADSHAW
Old fart!

MRS. KENT
(half amused)
Really, Mr. Bradshaw, your
language!

BRADSHAW
I'd have thought it was a favorite
word with you countryfolk, what
with all them greens you eat.

MRS. KENT
Ooh, Mr. Bradshaw!

She doubles up with guilty mirth and claps her hands
over her face. Even Mary smiles.

The parlor door opens and Poole's head emerges. The
others are momentarily uncertain if he heard Bradshaw's
remark.

POOLE
Mary, I'd like a word with you
before you go up.

The door closes. Mrs. Kent and Bradshaw exchange an in-
quiring glance. Mary swallows the rest of her beer and
rises.

57 INT. BUTLER'S PARLOR - NIGHT

57

Poole is seated at his desk, Mary standing in front of
it with head bowed and hands folded beneath her apron
like a scolded child.

PEOPLE
I'm bound to tell you, Mary, that
I find your behavior in this house
perplexing, not to say distressing.
A remark Dr. Jekyll passed during
his talk to us today makes it
incumbent upon me to direct you
in your duties, as he, evidently
out of kindness, has refrained
from doing.

MARY
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

POOLE

Do you have some idea of what I'm
speaking of?

MARY

I believe I do.

Her admission momentarily puts Poole off his stroke.

POOLE

And what exactly is your idea?

MARY

That the Master said I told him
he overtaxed his health with
working so hard, and it wasn't
my place to have spoken to him
on such a subject.

Poole sits back in his chair.

POOLE

Well, Mary, that's it of course.
And to what conclusion have you
come?

MARY

That I was too forward, sir, and
won't ever be so again.

She continues to stare at the floor. Poole looks her up
and down, exasperated by her deliberately unprovocative
attitude.

POOLE

We're all of us concerned for the
Master's health, Mary, none more
so than another. We can show our
concern by making his house run
smoothly and not adding to his
burdens by speaking out of turn.

Mary says nothing.

POOLE

That's all I have to say for the
present, Mary. You may go.

MARY

Yes, sir, thank you, sir.

She leaves the room.

58 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

58

Mary walks straight past Mrs. Kent and Bradshaw and heads for the back stairs without a word.

59 EXT. PHARMACY - MORNING

59

Fog is closing in. Mary goes up to the door of the pharmacy, which is still shut, and RINGS the BELL. It JANGLES stridently but to no effect. She RINGS again.

An upstairs window opens, a tousled head appears.

PHARMACIST

Yes, what is it?

MARY

I've got a prescription from Dr. Jekyll.

PHARMACIST

We're not open yet.

MARY

Mr. Poole says it's urgent.

The Pharmacist withdraws her head, grumbling, and shuts the window.

60 INT. PHARMACY - MORNING

60

The Pharmacist, with a dressing gown over his nightshirt and a pair of steel-rimmed eyeglasses on his nose, peers at a prescription lying on the counter and packs various bottles into a cardboard box while Mary waits.

PHARMACIST

What's so urgent? This is the third such order this week.

Mary says nothing. The Pharmacist scribbles something in a ledger, swivels it around on the counter, takes a pen from an inkwell and holds it out, tapping the page with his forefinger.

PHARMACIST

There.

Mary takes the pen and signs.

61 EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

61

The fog is thicker.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Mary, with the box of chemicals under her arm, approaches the intersection adjoining The Master's house.

She's almost there when the dim figure of a man runs across her line of advance. All we can discern is that he's wearing a derby and carrying a cane.

Mary stares after him. Reaching the corner of The Master's house, she pauses to watch: The man has stopped beside the door in the garden wall. Something falls to the ground with a METALLIC TINKLE. He retrieves it with a muffled oath and bends over: he's inserting a key in the lock and turning it. The DOOR CREAKS open.

Mary races down the basement steps to the servants' entrance and wrenches the door open.

62 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

62

Mrs. Kent is preparing breakfast, Bradshaw brushing some suits on clothes hangers, Peter shining boots. They look up at the sound of hurried FOOTSTEPS.

Mary bursts in and darts to the window.

MARY

Look, there he is!

MRS. KENT

Who?

MARY

That Mr. Hyde!

63 INT./EXT. KITCHEN/GARDEN - MORNING

63

Through the window, barely visible in the fog, the man reaches the surgical theater and opens the door. It closes behind him just as Mrs. Kent, Bradshaw, and Peter join Mary at the window.

PETER

I c-can't see nuffink.

MRS. KENT

How d'you know it was him?

MARY

Must have been. He had a key to the garden door.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

BRADSHAW
What'd he look like?

MARY
I dunno, really. It was hard to tell.

BRADSHAW
Well, is he tall or short or what?

MARY
I dunno... Quite tall, I s'pose.

MRS. KENT
Young?

MARY
Not that young. Not that old, either.

BRADSHAW
How tall?

MARY
A bit taller than the Master, maybe... no, maybe a bit shorter.

BRADSHAW
So he's tall but short and young but old. Maaarvelous!

The door of the butler's parlor opens and Poole emerges.

POOLE
What are you waiting for, Mary?

MARY
His tray's not ready yet, Mr. Poole.

POOLE
Never mind his tray. Get that over there right away.

MARY
Yes, Mr. Poole.

Bradshaw gives her a covert wink as she heads for the door to the garden.

64 EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

64

Mary, her footsteps muffled by the fog, carries the box of chemicals along the flagged path to the surgical theater.

65 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - MORNING

65

Mary makes a wide detour around the operating and instrument tables. She climbs the stairs, deposits the box of chemicals on the table outside the laboratory door, listens in vain for sounds of movement, deliberates briefly, taps on the door.

MARY

Dr. Jekyll, sir?

A smothered oath, then a hoarse, irate voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, what is it?

MARY

It's... it's Mary, sir. I've brought the order from the chemist.

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't bother me now, damn you!
Leave it on the table and get out!

Mary flinches as if she's been struck. She turns and walks stiffly down the stairs.

66 EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

66

Mary emerges from the surgical theater. Her face crumples, her eyes fill with tears. She slowly retraces her steps across the foggy garden, wiping her eyes on her sleeve.

67 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

67

Mary enters, avoiding everyone's eye, and hangs up her cloak. Mrs. Kent is busy at the stove.

MRS. KENT

I'll have it ready in two shakes,
Mary.

MARY

Can't Mr. Bradshaw take it across?
I'd better start on the fires.

MRS. KENT

He's taken them suits upstairs.

68 INT./EXT. KITCHEN/GARDEN - DAY

68

Mary goes over to the window and peers out.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

Visibility is now down to a few feet: the path seems to lead into limbo.

Mrs. Kent shovels two fried eggs onto some rashers of bacon in a warming dish and slaps the cover on.

MRS. KENT

That's it.

Mary picks up the tray.

69 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

69

Mary sets off gingerly along the fog-enshrouded path. The laboratory building is visible now. Halfway there she hears the sound of a FALL and a smothered CRY of "Damn!" She quickens her pace.

A few yards farther on she finds The Master sprawled on the flagstones, groaning.

MARY

Lord, sir, have you hurt yourself?

THE MASTER

(feebley)

I rather think I have, Mary.

He rolls over on his back, props himself on one elbow. His unshaven face is deathly pale and there are dark shadows under his eyes. He raises one leg an inch or two off the ground.

THE MASTER

It's my ankle.

MARY

Oh dear!

She makes a move toward the laboratory building.

MARY

Shall I go for your assistant?

THE MASTER

No!

(then, less abruptly)

No, he's not there.

MARY

Oh...

(CONTINUED)

He rolls over on his back and lies full length on the moisture-beaded flagstones, staring up at the sky. Mary stands there awkwardly, still holding the tray.

THE MASTER

Let me lie here for a moment...

Silence falls. The fog encloses them like a milky cocoon.

THE MASTER

I feel so strange...

MARY

Should I fetch Mr. Poole?

He stirs, struggles into a sitting position, gestures feebly at his leg.

THE MASTER

Just help me off with this boot,
will you?

She deposits the tray on the ground, kneels and undoes the laces, pulls the eye-flaps apart and grasps the heel of the boot. The Master groans and bites his lip as she eases it off.

MARY

Perhaps it's broken, sir. Had I better go for a doctor?

THE MASTER

You're looking at one, Mary.

MARY

Oh yes, beg pardon, sir, I wasn't thinking.

Grasping his foot by the heel, he cautiously rotates it.

THE MASTER

It's only a sprain. Here, help me up.

He raises one arm. She takes him by the elbow and helps him onto his good leg. He transfers the arm to her shoulders, and she, rather hesitantly, puts her own arm across his back. Half hopping, half hobbling, he makes his way to the kitchen door with her assistance.

70 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

70

The master limps in supported by Mary. Peter gapes, Mrs. Kent claps a hand over her mouth.

MRS. KENT

Heaven save us!

(hurries forward,
calls)

Mr. Poole, Mr. Poole! Come quick!

The parlor door is ajar. Poole emerges in time to see Mary and Mrs. Kent help The Master over to a chair. He subsides onto it and shuts his eyes. We now see that his clothes are in disarray: cravat askew, collar soiled, left coat cuff unbuttoned, shirtsleeve protruding with the cuff link dangling from one buttonhole.

Poole brushes Mary and Mrs. Kent aside and bends over him.

POOLE

What is it, sir?

The Master opens his eyes and gestures at his ankle. Poole goes down on one knee, unfastens his garter, removes the sock. The ankle is already swelling.

MRS. KENT

Oh, his poor ankle! Is it broken?

POOLE

(sharply)

That'll do, Mrs. Kent.

(the The Master)

We must get you upstairs, sir.

(to Mary)

Mary, light the fire and turn the bed down.

Mary hurries out.

71 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

71

The bed has been turned down and the fire is alight. Mary is on her knees working the bellows.

The Master hobbles in supported by Poole and Bradshaw, who sit him down on the edge of the bed. He looks around him with a trace of relief.

Mary hangs the bellows on their hook and rises, but lingers in the background.

POOLE

Should I summon Dr. Lanyon, sir?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

THE MASTER

(faintly)

No need for that. A cold compress
should do the trick. Just help
me to get undressed, Poole.

Mary bobs and exits.

THE MASTER

Bradshaw, have Mrs. Kent send me
something on a tray -- some beef
tea, if she has any. I could
manage that.

72 INT. REAR HALLWAY - DAY

72

Mary opens the door to the garden and goes outside.

73 EXT. GARDEN - DAY

73

The fog is just as dense. Mary gropes her way farther and
farther along the path, stooping and peering around vainly
for the tray and The Master's boot. It's only when she
almost bumps into the theater door that she realizes she's
gone too far. She turns to retrace her steps and gives
an audible gasp: a dim figure has materialized behind her.

BRADSHAW

Mary?

MARY

Mr. Bradshaw?

BRADSHAW

Who d'you think it was, Old Nick?
If you're looking for the tray,
Peter fetched it in.

MARY

And his boot?

BRADSHAW

And his boot. Here, I'll walk you
back.

He takes her firmly by the arm and heads for the house.

74 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

74

Mrs. Kent glances around from the stove as Mary and
Bradshaw enter from the garden.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

She cracks a soft-boiled egg and turns it out into a bowl, which she places beside a loaded toast rack on a bed tray.

MRS. KENT

I don't know, I'm sure. I thought he engaged that assistant to spare his health, but it seems he only makes him worse.

She fills another bowl with beef tea from a saucepan and adds it to the tray.

MRS. KENT

There, that should put some heart into him.

Mary picks up the tray and heads for the door to the stairs.

75

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

75

Mary, carrying the bed tray, taps at the door with her foot. No reply.

She transfers the tray to one hand, quietly turns the handle and opens the door.

76

INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

76

Mary enters. The Master, with a dressing gown over his nightshirt, is lying back against the pillows with his eyes shut, dozing.

Mary puts the tray on the window table and goes over to him. A lock of hair has fallen over his brow. On impulse, she half puts out her hand to smooth it back but hastily withdraws it when he opens his eyes and smiles faintly.

THE MASTER

Ah, Mary...

She fetches the tray. He raises himself a little as she places it across him.

MARY

There's beef tea, sir, and toast and coddled egg.

He reaches for a spoon but fumbles and drops it. He looks up at her with a helpless air.

MARY

What is it, sir?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

THE MASTER

My hands... I've no feeling in
them...

He holds out his hands. Very diffidently, she takes one of them in hers.

MARY

Lord, sir, it's like ice.

She chafes each hand in turn, then folds them around the bowl of beef tea.

MARY

We must get some heat into you.

She dips a spoon in the beef tea and holds it to his lips. He takes one sip, then another.

THE MASTER

Good. Just what I need.

She continues to feed him like a baby. He gives her a wan, grateful smile.

THE MASTER

Thank you, Mary. I feel better already.

Maladroitly, he relieves her of the spoon and dips it in the bowl himself. He even breaks off a piece of toast and dips it in the coddled egg.

MARY

If you can manage, sir...

She bobs and prepares to withdraw.

THE MASTER

Mary, will you do something for me?
Go to the drawing room and bring me
my checkbook. I think you know
where it is.

She stares at him for a moment.

MARY

Yes, sir.

Looking mystified, she bobs again and exits.

77 INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

77

Mary enters and goes over to the bureau, takes out the checkbook. The ink stain on the blotter is still there. She stares at it, touches it with a tentative forefinger as if it might have a life of its own, then jumps at a sudden commotion outside the window: a pigeon rockets past the panes with a long flurry of wingbeats. She relaxes, shaking her head at her own fears.

MARY
(to herself)
Nervous as a cat...

78 INT. PASSAGE - DAY

78

Mary, holding the checkbook in one hand, knocks with the other.

THE MASTER (O.S.)
(quite firmly)
Come in.

79 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

79

Mary enters, looks momentarily nonplussed.

The bed tray has been laid aside and The Master, in dressing gown and nightshirt, is seated at a small secretaire in the corner, writing, his injured leg extended sideways. He adds a few more words to a sheet of notepaper and looks up. There's a trace of color in his pale cheeks.

Mary goes over to him and bobs.

THE MASTER
You have it? Thank you.

He takes the checkbook from her, opens it, and begins to write.

THE MASTER
I fear I must send you on another
unpleasant errand, Mary.

MARY
To Mrs. Farraday.

It's a statement, not a question. He stops writing and looks at her closely. She drops her eyes.

THE MASTER
You guessed.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Yes, sir.

There's a pause. She looks up to find him still staring at her.

MARY

I can think of no other errand as you might send me on that wouldn't be carried out by Mr. Poole.

THE MASTER

Indeed.

He signs the check, folds the note around it, and inserts them both in an envelope.

THE MASTER

Bring me a match, would you?

She goes to the fireplace and brings him a box of matches.

THE MASTER

You told me I could trust you in all things, Mary. I'm taking you at your word.

He strikes a match and holds it to a stick of red sealing wax. The molten blobs dripping onto the envelope resemble drops of blood.

THE MASTER

This letter bears upon a personal matter of the gravest importance. I want you to deliver it without delay.

MARY

What should I tell Mr. Poole?

He frowns, suddenly alert.

THE MASTER

Why should you have to tell him anything?

MARY

If I go out now and leave my work undone.

THE MASTER

I'll take care of Poole.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

MARY

Will there be a reply, sir?

THE MASTER

Yes. Of that I'm in no doubt at all.

MARY

Shall I go at once, then?

He nods and sits back in the chair, staring straight ahead.

Mary looks at him for a moment, then bobs and exits.

80 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

80

The fog has given way to a steady DRIZZLE. Mary, in bonnet and cloak, hurries along with her head down, keeping well in to avoid the showers of spray sent up by passing cabs and carriages.

81 EXT. MEAN STREET - DAY

81

Mary emerges from the low brick tunnel, passes the gaslit gin palace and eating house, and makes her way along the row of seedy-looking houses.

82 EXT. MRS. FARRADAY'S HOUSE - DAY

82

Mary has almost reached the door when it opens and a girl in a gaudy, low-cut gown comes out, shuts it behind her, and hurries off down the street with her head bowed, sobbing into a handkerchief.

Mary stands aside to let her pass, stares after her for a moment, then mounts the step and knocks.

Almost instantly the door is flung open by MRS. FARRADAY, who's dressed as before, though her hennaed hair looks even more of a bird's nest.

MRS. FARRADAY

So he's sent his milk-faced little housemaid again, has he?

She grabs Mary's arm and hauls her inside.

83 INT. PASSAGE - DAY

83

Mrs. Farraday tows Mary along a gloomy passage, vituperating as she goes.

MRS. FARRADAY

If he thinks he can smooth this one over with a letter and a few pounds, he's badly mistook.

She hustles her through a door.

84 INT. MRS. FARRADAY'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

84

The room is crammed with overstuffed armchairs and knickknacks. Mawkish oleographs of baroque nudes adorn the walls.

Mary starts to unbutton the sleeve in which she's carrying The Master's letter.

Mrs. Farraday confronts her with arms akimbo.

MRS. FARRADAY

He thinks he can buy his way out of anything, your Master -- him and that bloody favorite of his what he set loose on us here like a mad dog!

She snatches the envelope out of Mary's hand, takes it to the fireplace, and tears it open with her back turned. She looks first at the check, which seems to mollify her. Having thrust it into her bodice with a grunt, she unfolds the letter and starts to read.

FOOTSTEPS in the passage are followed by a TAP at the DOOR. Mrs. Farraday turns her head and snaps impatiently.

MRS. FARRADY

Yes?!

A 2ND GIRL, dressed much like the first, peeks in. She, too, has been weeping.

2ND GIRL

Sorry to disturb you, ma'am. I come to see --

MRS. FARRADAY

(cuts her short)

They took her an hour since.
There's nothing to be seen here.

(CONTINUED)

2ND GIRL
Oh... Beg pardon, ma'am.

She shuts the door quietly. We hear her WALK back along the passage and out the FRONT DOOR, CLOSING it behind her.

Mrs. Farraday, still with her back turned, resumes reading. MUFFLED SOUNDS drift in from the STREET as she grunts and grumbles her way through the letter. She folds it and replaces it in the envelope, then turns and fixes Mary with an angry stare.

MRS. FARRADAY
He calls upon the good will I
bore him of old, and well he may.
But that Harry Jekyll was a
different one from this...
(holds up envelope)
... who sends me his skivvy
because he don't have the spunk
to come hisself.

Mary stands her ground and waits.

MRS. FARRADAY
I suppose you know nothing of
this business?

Mary shakes her head.

Mrs. Farraday gives an odd smile, as if some dark thought has just occurred to her. She jerks her head toward the door.

MRS. FARRADAY
Come with me. I've something to
send your master by way of a
reply.

She hustles Mary out into the passage.

Mrs. Farraday precedes Mary up a flight of stairs. On the landing she pauses outside a door and turns to her.

MRS. FARRADAY
You'll find the room a mite untidy.
Not up to your standards, I'll be
bound.

She opens the door and ushers Mary inside with mock deference.

The room is opulently furnished: expensive wallpaper, heavy drapes, a handsome carpet, big gilt-framed wall mirrors, and a massive, ornate brass bedstead.

The curtains are closed, but wall-mounted gas lamps in engraved glass globes illuminate the scene with merciless clarity.

The twisted, rumpled bedsheets are daubed with blood already turning brown. Slanting smears of blood have been left on the wall by splayed fingers. Lying on the carpet are a torn white nightgown and a linen handkerchief, both sodden with blood.

Mary stands rooted to the spot with horror. Mrs. Farraday hisses in her ear.

MRS. FARRADAY

Shocking, ain't it, such housekeeping as this. I'll warrant you've nothing of the kind in Harry Jekyll's fine house. What we need here is a maidservant like yourself to help with the cleaning.

She goes over to the handkerchief and picks it up.

MRS. FARRADAY

Take this, my girl. Take this to Harry Jekyll from Mrs. Farraday.

Roughly, she seizes Mary's unresisting hand and presses the handkerchief into her palm.

MRS. FARRADAY

Tell him all will be well. His precious name is safe, though the doings in this house may stink to heaven.

Mary looks down at the handkerchief. Embroidered in blue in one corner is the monogram "HJ."

MRS. FARRADAY

Give it back to him, and tell him this is linen such as even his old friend Mrs. Farraday cannot launder for him.

Frozen-faced, Mary slowly turns and sets off down the stairs.

87 EXT. MEAN STREET - TUNNEL - DAY

87

Mary, staring straight ahead, walks down the street like a zombie and enters the tunnel. She's so unaware of her surroundings that she fails to hear a CLATTER of HOOVES.

A CAB THUNDERS past, missing her by inches. The cabby looks back over his shoulder and yells some unintelligible obscenity. Mary keeps on walking.

88 INT. BUTLER'S PARLOR - NIGHT

88

Mary, still wearing her cloak, is standing in front of Poole, who's seated beside his desk with his legs crossed in imitation of The Master. His expression is as sour as ever, his tone slightly milder than usual.

POOLE

I was sorry to hear about your mother, Mary. I trust it won't be long before she's discharged.

Mary knits her brow.

MARY

Discharged, Mr. Poole?

POOLE

Yes, from the hospital. That's the medical term, Mary: discharged.

Mary's face clears, then clouds over again as the implications of his remark sink in.

MARY

Oh... yes... Thank you, Mr. Poole.

POOLE

Notwithstanding my sympathy, however, I must point out that the next time you request leave of absence you should do so through me. Do not approach the Master direct.

MARY

Yes, Mr. Poole.

POOLE

Being the considerate employer he is, he said to be sure to give him news of your mother as soon as you returned.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

Mary just stands there staring at him.

POOLE

Well?

MARY

Oh... yes, Mr. Poole.

She heads for the door, removing her cloak as she goes.

89 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

89

The Master is seated beside the fire with his foot on a footstool and a cane leaning against the arm of his chair. There's a half-empty decanter of port on the table at his elbow and a glass in his hand. His face is flushed, his tongue a trifle thick.

Mary's standing there in cap and apron.

THE MASTER

I trust I wasn't tempting
providence. Your mother's quite
well, I hope?

MARY

(expressionlessly)
She died a twelvemonth ago.

THE MASTER

I'm distressed to hear that.

MARY

She was seamstress at the big
house where I was in service
before. It was through her as I
got the position.

THE MASTER

What of your father?

MARY

Dead too, sir, but long since.
The gin did for him in the end.

THE MASTER

Ah...

Silence falls. He takes a sip of port.

THE MASTER

By the way, my letter... Did you
deliver it?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I did, sir.

THE MASTER

To Mrs. Farraday in person?

MARY

Yes, sir. She read it in front
of me.

THE MASTER

And her response?

He takes another sip of port as she reaches into her
apron pocket.

MARY

She sent you this by way of a
reply.

She produces the bloodstained handkerchief and holds it
out.

He freezes with the glass to his lips and turns pale.
Very deliberately, he puts the glass down, takes the
handkerchief from her, looks at it, and folds it so as
to conceal the monogram.

MARY

She said all will be well, sir,
but that this is linen such as
not even she can launder for you.

He crushes the handkerchief in his fist, rises with an
effort, and limps to the fireplace. Holding the hand-
kerchief at arm's length, he opens his hand and drops
it on the glowing coals.

The linen takes a moment or two to catch. The mono-
grammed corner is the last to be consumed.

He watches the flames reduce it to ashes and speaks
without turning.

THE MASTER

Mrs. Farraday is right, Mary. All
will be well, I'll see to that.

Splintered mirror glass litters the carpet at the nearer
end of the room.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

Mary is sweeping it up with a dustpan and brush while Bradshaw removes jagged shards from the frame of the cheval mirror and tosses them into a bucket.

BRADSHAW

Well, that's seven years' bad luck
the Master's in for.

MARY

Perhaps it wasn't him.

BRADSHAW

What'd he want a mirror for,
anyway?

MARY

Perhaps it was his assistant.

Bradshaw grins as a thought strikes him.

BRADSHAW

Hey, maybe it was for a lady-friend to titivate herself in -- maybe that's why he spends so much time in here! Just 'cause he's gentry it don't mean he don't fancy it.

Mary frowns, blushes, and continues sweeping with redoubled vigor.

91 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

91

The Master, Dr. Lanyon and Mr. Utterson are comfortably ensconced in armchairs. The port decanter and a cigar box are on a wine table at The Master's elbow. Mr. Utterson is lighting a cigar.

UTTERSON

(to Dr. Lanyon,
between puffs)

You mean he hasn't told you?

DR. LANYON

Told me what?

UTTERSON

He's going to start doling out
pills and jollop to the great
unwashed.

(CONTINUED)

DR. LANYON
 (to The Master)
 What's this, some new fad of yours?

Mary knocks at the half-open door carrying a coal scuttle.

THE MASTER
 Ah, Mary, you've come to breathe some life into the fire. Good.

She bobs and goes over to the fireplace, where she stoops and shovels some coal onto the embers.

DR. LANYON
 Well?

THE MASTER
 You've always poured scorn on my devotion to pure research, Charles. If anyone should approve of my intention, it's you.

DR. LANYON
 I'll tell you when I hear exactly what it is.

THE MASTER
 London is full of penniless souls in need of medical assistance.

DR. LANYON
 Quite, quite. What of it?

Mary finishes stoking the fire and gets to her feet.

THE MASTER
 Thank you, Mary, you may tell Poole not to wait up. Oh yes, and convey my compliments to Mrs. Kent on her souffle. She excelled herself tonight.

Mary bobs and exits.

DR. LANYON
 Get to the point, man.

THE MASTER
 The point, in a nutshell, is that my scientific work has reached an impasse. I intend to give it up and offer my services to the free hospital.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

DR. LANYON
Very commendable of you.

UTTERSON
I know you too well, Henry. You're simply suffering from a fit of the blue devils. Be honest: Won't you miss the scent of midnight oil, the lure of the unknown?

THE MASTER
The unknown?

He stares into the fire.

THE MASTER
Experience has taught me, Graham, that some stones are better left unturned...

92 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

92

Poole, Mrs. Kent, Mary, Bradshaw and Peter are having supper. Two open claret bottles and some handsome china dishes and platters, one bearing the remains of a large roast capon, indicate that they're polishing off the leftovers from The Master's table. Bradshaw rises, arms himself with a carving knife and fork.

BRADSHAW
(with mock gentility)
Permit me to press you to another slice of fowl, Mrs. Kent.

Mrs. Kent puffs out her lip and raises her hands in surrender.

MRS. KENT
Not another morsel, Mr. Bradshaw.

BRADSHAW
Mary?

Mary shakes her head. Bradshaw carves a couple of slices of breast and forks them onto Peter's plate, then serves himself.

BRADSHAW
The Master ought to do this more often.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KENT
 My sentiments entirely, Mr.
 Bradshaw. It's nice to see him
 entertaining again, even if it
 does make more work in the kitchen.

Bradshaw sits down and helps himself to vegetables.

BRADSHAW
 Mm, the more he entertains the
 better we eat.

He tucks in with a will. Poole eyes him sternly.

POOLE
 You think of no one but yourself,
 Mr. Bradshaw, and that's a fact.
 You should be thankful the Master's
 back on his food and keeping
 regular hours.

MRS. KENT
 Quite so, Mr. Poole. That science
 of his was killing him.

POOLE
 At all events, the Master tells me
 he'll be devoting himself to his
 humanitarian work in the future.

BRADSHAW
 (with his mouth
 full)
 What about that Mr. Hyde? He'll
 be out of a job now, won't he?

MRS. KENT
 In or out, it won't make no
 difference to me. I've never had
 to boil so much as an egg for him.
 A very discreet gentleman he is.

BRADSHAW
 More discreet than him you can't
 get. I've never even set eyes on
 the bloke...

MARY
 Well, I did.

A glorious summer day. The garden is flourishing.

(CONTINUED)

Neat rows of lettuces, spinach, onions, etc., have replaced the neglected wilderness of old. Tomatoes are growing against the wall, runner beans are already flowering scarlet on a row of canes, and the flagged path is bordered by colorful annuals.

Mary is hanging out some washing, mostly table napkins and tablecloths, while Peter desultorily wields a spade. Bradshaw is brushing some suits suspended from the carpet-beating frame, Mrs. Kent stooping over a little hedge of parsley. She straightens up, one hand on her aching back, the other holding a bunch of parsley aloft in triumph.

MRS. KENT

How about that, then, Mary? We'll be putting the green grocer out of business if we go on like this.

MARY

The garden's a credit to you, Mrs. Kent. I'm sure the Master's very pleased.

MRS. KENT

So he should be, with all the company he has to feed these days.

Bradshaw has stopped work and picked a tomato.

BRADSHAW

Here, Peter!

Peter looks around. Bradshaw takes a short run-up and bowls the tomato at him overarm, cricket fashion. Peter hurriedly shapes up with the spade and swipes at it. The spade connects, the tomato goes splat. Peter giggles helplessly. Bradshaw, Mary and Mrs. Kent join in.

POOLE (O.S.)

Mr. Bradshaw!

Bradshaw turns to see Poole standing in the kitchen doorway.

POOLE

If you've nothing better to do,
I'm sure I can oblige you.

(to Peter)

Peter, get on with your work.

Bradshaw returns to his suits, grinning at the others. Peter hurriedly drives his spade into the ground.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

Poole gives the scene one last, eagle-eyed look and goes back inside.

94 INT. SCULLERY - NIGHT

94

Mary's washing up plates at the sink while Peter, yawning hard, dries them. His eyelids droop shut, but he mechanically continues to polish the plate in his hand with a tea towel. Mary gives him a sideways glance.

MARY

You'll rub the pattern off.

Peter sleepily opens his eyes.

PETER

S-sorry, M-mary, I c-can't keep 'em open.

MARY

You get to bed. I'll finish up here.

He blinks, gives her a grateful smile.

PETER

Th-thanks, M-mary.

MARY

(smiles back)
Off you go, then.

Peter retires to the kitchen.

95 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

95

Peter spreads out a bedroll under the table, pulls the blanket over himself, and promptly falls asleep.

96 INT. SCULLERY - NIGHT

96

Mary extracts the last of the plates from the sink and dries them up. All at once she tenses: there's the sound of a DOOR CLOSING and FOOTSTEPS on the path outside. She hurries to the window.

97 INT. SCULLERY/EXT. GARDEN

97

Mary peers out of the scullery window.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

Clearly visible in the moonlight, The Master is walking slowly along the path from the house to the laboratory building. Swiftly, Mary dumps the tea towel on the draining board and heads for the kitchen.

98 EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

98

Mary shuts the kitchen door behind her and hurries after The Master.

Just short of the theater door he hears her footsteps behind him and turns. His somber face brightens a little.

THE MASTER

Oh, it's you, Mary.

MARY

Yes, sir.

THE MASTER

Are you taking the air?

MARY

(hesitantly)

Yes, sir.

THE MASTER

I don't blame you.

(looks up at the
sky)

It's a fine, clear night.

MARY

Yes, sir, lovely.

THE MASTER

Well, good night, Mary.

He opens the theater door.

MARY

Sir!

He looks back.

MARY

I know it's not my place to speak,
sir, but...

THE MASTER

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I thought... well, I thought you
weren't going in there no more.

THE MASTER

Don't you wish me to?

She hesitates, wringing her hands.

MARY

It's not for me to say, sir, but
you've seemed... well, so much
better in yourself these last few
weeks.

He smiles sadly and rests one hand on the doorpost.

THE MASTER

Appearances can be deceptive,
Mary.

He sighs and looks up at the night sky again.

THE MASTER

Take those stars up there. They
look as if we could pluck them
off the sky like diamonds off
black velvet, yet reason tells
us they're millions of miles
away. It's the same with human
beings. What we see of them may
be only an outward reflection of
the inner self. To explore that
inner self has been the object
of my research.

MARY

And... have you found what you
were looking for, sir?

He doesn't answer.

MARY

I only make so bold as to ask
because it seems that, if you
have, it's nothing that anyone
would care to see.

THE MASTER

Ugliness and evil can exert a
strange fascination, Mary. They
can even be a force for good.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

MARY

How can that be, sir? How can
evil ever be good?

THE MASTER

That, Mary, is what I hope to
prove.

He removes his hand from the doorpost and makes to
enter the theater.

MARY

Please don't, sir. Please come
back to the house.

He pauses for a moment.

THE MASTER

I cannot help myself.

He enters with Mary trailing miserably after him.

99 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - NIGHT

99

The cavernous room is in semi-darkness. The Master
strikes a match, lights an oil lamp, adjusts the wick.
He turns to Mary, who has halted near the door.

THE MASTER

Come here, child.

Hesitantly, she walks over to him. He takes her by the
arm and turns her so that her back is to the lamp. Their
two long shadows, very close together, stretch away
across the floor.

THE MASTER

How would you say we're related
to our shadows, Mary?

MARY

Shadows are only a trick of the
light, sir.

THE MASTER

But if we cast them, aren't they
always a part of us?

She doesn't reply.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

THE MASTER

It may be that we are only a trick of the light, and that our shadows are our true selves. My experiments have tended in that direction, and they have been so successful -- more wonderfully, terribly successful than anyone in the world would ever believe.

She still says nothing.

THE MASTER

I cannot give them up -- I simply cannot! It may be that my work will finally benefit no one. It may only make the world a stranger place than it is already -- stranger and more frightening to those that lack the courage to know the worst, yet do it I must!

His fingers are now digging into her shoulders, his face is working convulsively.

MARY

Sir, you're hurting me.

THE MASTER

(hoarsely)
I'm sorry.

He releases her, turns away, and heads for the stairs. His voice grows hoarser still, his pace quickens.

THE MASTER

It's late. Go to bed, child. Go quickly!

He half-stumbles, half-runs up the stairs, groping for the laboratory key as he goes. Unlocking the door in desperate haste, he enters. We hear the KEY TURN in the lock on the inside.

Mary stands staring up at the door with a tormented expression. At last she turns, extinguishes the lamp, and exits.

100 INT. ATTIC BEDROOM - NIGHT

100

Moonlight streaming in through the window reveals Mary asleep in bed.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

A sound of FOOTSTEPS on flagstones. Mary stirs, opens her eyes, sits up and listens: they're coming from outside in the garden. She peers down through the window, but too late: a door closes.

After a moment's reflection she slips out of bed, takes her cloak from the hook, opens the door, and goes out onto the landing.

101 INT. ATTIC LANDING, STAIRS - NIGHT

101

Mary, wrapping herself in her cloak, pauses to listen. The FOOTSTEPS, firm and heavy, ascend a flight of stairs and FADE as they make their way along a passage. Mary sets off down the stairs.

102 INT. STAIRS, PASSAGE - NIGHT

102

Mary tiptoes to the second-floor landing and looks along the passage. Just as it was once before, the drawing-room door is ajar and light is streaming out. She steals along the passage and peers in.

103 INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

103

Visible FROM almost directly BEHIND and backlit by an oil lamp, a man is seated at The Master's bureau. From his clothes he might be The Master himself, but he makes a bulkier, more thick-set impression, and the jacket of his suit is drawn tight across his back.

We hear the SCRATCH of a PEN. He replaces it in the inkwell, blots whatever he was writing with a semi-circular blotter, rips it out with a sound of PAPER PARTING along a perforation, and stuffs it in his pocket. Then he pushes the chair back, picks up a brandy balloon, rises, turns, tilts his head, and drains the glass. He catches sight of Mary just as he's lowering it, and his hand pauses in mid-movement.

His face is in shadow, but the backlighting is sufficient to reveal that he's younger and more muscular than The Master, with broader shoulders, coarser features, prominent brow ridges, a slightly prognathous jaw, a shock of thick, dark hair, and a pair of piercing, ice-blue eyes. It's EDWARD HYDE.

He gives Mary an ugly smile and speaks in a low, throaty drawl.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

HYDE

Mary Reilly...

MARY

Beg pardon, sir. I heard a noise.

HYDE

A noise?

MARY

Yes, sir. I wondered who it was.

HYDE

And now you know.

MARY

Yes, sir.

HYDE

(mimics her)

Yes, sir...

(reverts to drawl)

So who am I?

MARY

You're... you're Mr. Hyde, the
Master's assistant.

Laughing mirthlessly, he goes over to an armchair near the fireplace and sits down with his legs spread and the hand holding the brandy glass propped on the arm.

Mary stands there looking timid and irresolute.

MARY

Will you have a fire, sir?

HYDE

No.

MARY

Well, if there's nothing more...

HYDE

Get me another brandy.

He holds his glass out. Reluctantly, Mary goes over to him and takes it. He hangs onto it for a moment, compelling her to give it an inadvertent little tug.

He drums impatiently on the arm of the chair as she goes to the drinks table and slops some brandy into the glass, holding the decanter with both hands because they're shaking.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

She returns with the glass. He makes no attempt to help her, so she almost has to insert it in his hand. Then she steps back.

He gulps the brandy down, replaces his arm on the arm of the chair, and fixes Mary with an unwinking stare.

HYDE

Are you cold?

MARY

No, sir.

HYDE

Take off your cloak.

MARY

Sir?

HYDE

Your cloak. Slip it off your shoulders and let it fall.

Staring at him like a bird fascinated by a snake, she eases the cloak off her shoulders. It slithers to the floor. She stands there in her white nightgown with her arms at her sides.

His eyes travel up and down her body, then slide off into space. His own body tenses and seems to swell, his left hand tightens on the arm of the chair until the knuckles go white. His right hand tightens, too: with a series of brittle, splintering sounds, the brandy GLASS IMPLODES under the pressure of his fingers.

Leisurely, almost curiously, as if the hand responsible had acted of its own volition, he turns to look at it, then opens it. The stem, base, and splinters of glass fall to the carpet. Other splinters remain embedded in his palm, which starts to ooze blood. He brushes them off with the back of his left hand, smiling in a sinister way.

HYDE

Accidents will happen...

There's a pause before he looks at Mary, who still seems mesmerized.

He rises slowly to his feet and advances on her until they're almost touching. She shuts her eyes and clenches her teeth as his right hand comes up and reaches for her face.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3)

103

He drags his thumb slowly and deliberately across her mouth, forcing the lips apart and smearing them with blood.

The hand is withdrawn. Nothing can be seen for several seconds but Mary's anguished face. The tears behind her eyelids overflow and trickle down to join the blood on her trembling lips.

At last her lashes flicker and her eyes open.

The only reminders of what has just happened are the debris of the brandy glass on the carpet and The Master's checkbook lying open on the bureau. She's alone in the room.

104 EXT. PARK - DAY

104

A fine summer's day. BIRDS are SINGING, the trees are in leaf. Mary, in cloak and bonnet, is sitting by herself on a bench, staring moodily into the middle distance. She's watching an old woman feeding pigeons and sparrows with stale breadcrumbs from a paper bag.

105 EXT. THE MASTER'S HOUSE - TERRACE - MORNING

105

Coal cascades down a manhole in the sidewalk. The COALMAN straightens up and tosses the empty sack into the back of his horse-drawn wagon. The horse's breath is steaming.

COALMAN

That should see you all right
for the winter.

Mary and Peter, armed with yard brooms, start sweeping the excess coal off the sidewalk and down the manhole. The Coalman climbs onto his box, clicks his tongue, and drives off.

The front door opens and Poole puts his head out.

POOLE

Mary, leave that and take the
Master's shaving water up -- he's
just come in. Peter can finish
off here.

Mary props her broom against the railings and hurries down the basement steps. Peter has stopped work and is leaning on his broom. Poole gestures to him to get sweeping again, retires into the house and shuts the door.

106 INT. PASSAGE - MORNING

106

Mary approaches The Master's bedroom door weighed down by a hot-water jug. She knocks.

THE MASTER (O.S.)

Come in.

107 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

107

Mary enters. The Master, with a dressing gown over his shirt and trousers, is seated at the window table, pale, weary, and unshaven. Mary bobs. Her face is expressionless.

MARY

Mr. Bradshaw will be up directly,
sir.

She goes over to the washstand and deposits the hot water jug on the floor beside it.

THE MASTER

Will you light the fire for me,
Mary?

MARY

(faintly surprised)
Er -- yes, of course, sir.

She goes to the fireplace, strikes a match, puts it to the fire.

THE MASTER

Don't you find it chilly this morning?

MARY

Not 'specially, sir.

THE MASTER

I do. I expect it's because the days are drawing in. Old bones feel the coming of autumn more keenly.

Mary says nothing. She gives the fire a boost with the bellows.

THE MASTER

You seem to have lost your smile lately. Is something troubling you?

She stops working the bellows but doesn't look around.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

No, sir.

THE MASTER

At your age all should be wine
and roses, Mary. A pretty young
thing like you can't lack for
company or entertainment, surely.
Do you have friends?

She turns and looks at him at last.

MARY

Friends, sir?

THE MASTER

A particular friend, perhaps?

MARY

If you mean a sweetheart, sir, I
have none.

THE MASTER

You should get out and enjoy
yourself from time to time. It
can't be the height of gaiety,
attending to the needs of a dry
old stick like me.

MARY

(gravely)

I'm quite content as long as I
can serve you, sir.

She turns back to the fire and starts wielding the
bellows again.

Bradshaw knocks and enters.

BRADSHAW

'Morning, sir. Ready for your
shave?

The Master nods. Bradshaw fetches a towel from the
washstand, drapes it around him, returns to the wash-
stand, pours some hot water into the bowl, starts
working up a lather. Mary continues to ply the bellows.
Bradshaw strops the razor a couple of times and puts
it ready.

THE MASTER

I was just urging Mary to make
the most of life.

(CONTINUED)

BRADSHAW

Just what I keep telling her
myself, sir. You're only young
once, that's what I always say.

He starts lathering The Master's face.

THE MASTER

What do you do with your time off,
Bradshaw?

BRADSHAW

Well, sir, it depends. Sometimes,
like tonight, I go down Vauxhall
Gardens with some pals. There's
dancing and all.

(glances at Mary)

I've tried asking Mary here, but
she don't seem keen on the idea.

THE MASTER

I see.

Mary hangs up the bellows and gets to her feet. Her
face is still blank.

MARY

Will that be all, sir?

MARY

Thank you, Mary, yes.

She bobs and exits.

THE MASTER

The poor girl's lonely, Bradshaw.
Try asking her again.

BRADSHAW

No harm in trying, sir.

He starts to wield the razor.

EXT. VAUXHALL GARDENS - DUSK

A fairground-cum-pleasure garden beside the Thames:
stalls, sideshows, carousels, shooting galleries, a
dance pavilion. Darkness is falling, and the scene is
illuminated by countless gaslights in colored globes.
Steam organs compete with the strains of a band. Beyond
this oasis of light and movement, tree-lined paths lead
off into the gathering gloom.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (3)

107

Mary, overawed by these exotic and unfamiliar surroundings, hesitantly threads her way through the crowd, looking this way and that. Barkers advertise their attractions, a fire-eater performs for a cluster of gaping spectators, a bearded lady sits knitting outside her tent, dancing girls in yashmaks and gauzy costumes go through their paces on a platform, couples laugh at their reflections in distorting mirrors.

108 EXT. VAUXHALL GARDENS - CHAIROPLANES - NIGHT

108

Mary catches sight of Bradshaw talking animatedly with a young couple near a chairoplane carousel. Both men wear check suits and curly-brimmed derbies, the girl is in her best bonnet and gown. The couple give Bradshaw a parting wave and install themselves in two chairs suspended on chains. The carousel begins to rotate, slowly at first. Bradshaw cups his hands around his mouth.

BRADSHAW

Just don't be sick over your
Sunday best!

The carousel rotates faster, the chairs fly outward, the girl shrieks delightedly. Bradshaw sticks his hands in his pockets, nods and taps his foot in time to the steam organ.

Mary comes up behind him.

MARY

Mr. Bradshaw?

He turns, his face lighting up with pleasure.

BRADSHAW

Mary! You changed your mind!

Mary nods.

BRADSHAW

Good girl! It's time you had
some fun.

Arthur and Ada wave as they fly through the air. Bradshaw waves back.

BRADSHAW

Them's the friends I told you
about. Fancy some chestnuts while
they're busy?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

Mary nods. He takes her by the arm and leads her over to a chestnut vendor. He buys two paper screws of roast chestnuts and hands her one. Mary smiles shyly and takes it.

MARY

Thank you, Mr. Bradshaw.

BRADSHAW

Bill to you, Mary.

MARY

All right... Bill.

They stand watching as the carousel slows to a halt.

BRADSHAW

You'll like Arthur and Ada.
They're regular trumps, both of
'em.

The young couple get off and walk over to the chestnut stall.

BRADSHAW

(to the young couple)
Arthur, Ada, this is Mary.

ADA

Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

Arthur tips his derby.

BRADSHAW

See, she came after all --
couldn't keep away from me.
Didn't I tell you she was a
corker?!

Mary drops her eyes and blushes. The others laugh.
They walk on arm-in-arm.

BRADSHAW

Well now, who's for shaking a leg?

MARY

I don't dance, Mr... Bill.

BRADSHAW

Go on, I bet you dance like a
dream.

MARY

No, truly I don't.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

Looking around in search of some distraction, she spots another carousel, a double ring of grotesque wooden animals revolving to the strains of a steam ORGAN. She points to it.

MARY

Could we have a ride on that?

BRADSHAW

Anything you say, mam'selle.

(to Arthur and
Ada)

Coming?

109 EXT. VAUXHALL GARDENS - CAROUSEL - NIGHT

109

Mary, perched on the back of a gaudy wooden horse, rises and falls as the carousel rotates. Her eyes are bright with excitement, her hair streams out from under her bonnet. Bradshaw, bobbing up and down alongside, eyes her admiringly. She senses his glance and gives him a happy smile. Arthur and Ada are mounted on another pair of animals.

Then her smile freezes: she has caught an almost subliminal glimpse of Hyde in the crowd, watching her with a sneer on his lips. She spots him again the next time around, and the next, and the next.

Bradshaw notices her change of expression. The carousel is slowing down.

BRADSHAW

Anything the matter?

MARY

(shakes her head)

A bit dizzy, that's all.

The carousel comes to a stop. She peers at the spot where Hyde was standing: he isn't there anymore.

BRADSHAW

I know what you need.

He helps her down, beckons to Arthur and Ada to follow, and takes her arm. Still covertly scanning the crowd for another glimpse of Hyde, she lets him steer her toward a beer garden with trellis-work around the sides and a central dance floor. Braziers keep the night air at bay.

110

EXT. VAUXHALL GARDENS - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

110

The foursome install themselves at a table. Bradshaw catches a waiter's eye, holds up four fingers and mimes drinking with the other hand.

BRADSHAW

(to Mary)

Glad you came?

Mary smiles and nods, but her eyes continue to stray.

BRADSHAW

That makes two of us.

ADA

Bill's told us ever such a lot about you, Mary, you'd be surprised.

ARTHUR

And all of it nice.

Mary blushes. The waiter brings four beers. Bradshaw grandly tosses some coins on the table and waves away the change.

BRADSHAW

Just what the doctor ordered.

Cheers!

He clinks his glass against Mary's and takes a big swallow.

The band strikes up a waltz. Arthur and Ada get up and head for the dance floor. Bradshaw gives Mary an inquiring jerk of the head.

MARY

No, Bill, honestly...

BRADSHAW

Come on, be a sport, it's easy.

Reluctantly, she allows herself to be led to the floor. Bradshaw places her left hand on his shoulder, takes the other hand, and leads off, counting the time aloud and coaching her.

BRADSHAW

One-two-three, one-two-three...
That's it...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

After a few false starts, Mary gets the hang of things. She dances with growing confidence and enjoyment, her face clearing every minute. Arthur and Ada smile at her and Bradshaw as they circle the floor nearby. She smiles back.

The waltz ends, the dancers clap, the band strikes up a polka. Mary, flushed and happy, shakes her head. Arthur and Ada carry on dancing.

MARY

No, Bill, let's sit down, I'm all out of breath.

Bradshaw takes her by the arm and leads her back to the table.

BRADSHAW

See, that wasn't so bad, was it?
You never know what you can do till you try.

He drains his beer without sitting down.

BRADSHAW

Tell you what, let's stroll down to the embankment while you get your breath back. The river looks a treat at night.

MARY

All right.

He takes her arm again and leads her off down a shadowy path.

111 EXT. RIVERSIDE WALK - NIGHT

111

Bradshaw and Mary are sitting side-by-side on a bench overlooking the river. Its dark waters are gilded with the dancing reflections of the lights on the far bank. The strains of the BAND can still be heard in the background.

BRADSHAW

What did I tell you?

MARY

It's lovely.

BRADSHAW

Like you.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

He takes her hand and kisses the palm. She doesn't draw away.

BRADSHAW

I'm really sweet on you, Mary --
have been ever since I first
clapped eyes on you.

He puts his arm around her. She sits quite still. He leans over and kisses her neck. She recoils very slightly. He releases her hand, rests his own hand against her cheek, gently turns her face toward him, and gazes into her eyes. Very slowly, he leans forward and kisses her on the lips. She sits there passively at first. Then, when the kiss becomes more passionate, she pushes him away and stands up.

MARY

Please don't, Mr. Bradshaw.

He rises, too, looking hurt and disappointed.

BRADSHAW

Bill.

MARY

Bill, then.

BRADSHAW

But... where's the harm in a
little kiss?

MARY

I... I just don't want to. Let's
go back to the others.

He takes her by the shoulders.

BRADSHAW

Two's company enough for me.

He tries to kiss her again, but she thwarts him by twisting her head to and fro.

MARY

No, please don't!

Suddenly, a drawling voice addresses them out of the shadows behind the bench.

HYDE

Didn't you hear what the lady
said... Bill?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2)

111

Bradshaw freezes and looks around without releasing Mary. Hyde is standing there, swinging a cane, his derby at a slightly rakish angle. Mary recognizes him and gasps.

BRADSHAW

What the... Who the hell are you?!

HYDE

Take your hands off her.

BRADSHAW

What's it to you?

HYDE

She obviously doesn't appreciate your advances.

Bradshaw releases Mary and contronts him.

BRADSHAW

And I don't appreciate folks as stick their noses into other folks' business. Clear off!

MARY

(in an urgent undertone)

It's him!

Bradshaw turns to her. She's still staring fixedly at Hyde.

MARY

It's Mr. Hyde!

BRADSHAW

(turns again to Hyde)

You don't say so! Let's have a good look at him... So this is the Master's precious assistant... Well, Mr. Assistant, I wouldn't care if you were the Master hisself. We ain't on duty now, so bugger off!

Hyde gives a sudden snarl and lashes him backhanded across the face with his cane. Bradshaw throws up his arms in a defensive reflex, then claps a hand to his cheek. He looks down at the palm with amazement, then up at Hyde again. Amazement gives way to fury. He charges at Hyde, fends off another blow from the cane with his forearm, and bears him to the ground. They grapple, but Hyde is infinitely the stronger. He gets astride Bradshaw, plants the cane across his throat and starts throttling him.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

No, no, don't, please! Help!
Help!

Bradshaw's eyes blge, his face becomes suffused. In desperation he reaches into his hip pocket, pulls out a clasp knife, opens it awkwardly, one-handed, and slashes Hyde across the knuckles at the second attempt. Hyde lets go the cane, seizes Bradshaw's wrist and twists it savagely until the knife falls to the ground.

He snatches it up, pins Bradshaw down with one hand on his throat, raises his arm, and plunges the blade into his chest.

Mary's cries die in her throat. Open-mouthed, she shrinks away in horror. The bench catches her in the back of the knees and she collapses onto it, half fainting.

The knife descends again and again. Bradshaw groans and goes limp, but still Hyde continues to plunge the blade into his chest, grunting with the effort. Finally, switching his grip, he cuts Bradshaw's throat with one sweeping stroke. Then, knife in hand, he gets to his feet and advances on Mary.

Mary is still too stunned to react. Without haste, Hyde inserts the tip of the blade in the neck of her gown and slits her bodice down the front, exposing one breast.

He gazes at her for a long moment. Blood drips from the knuckles of his left hand as the fingers open and close spasmodically. His whole body tenses, his face becomes contorted. And then... he looks away. His features seem to blur and soften until he bears a very distant resemblance to The Master. He goes down on one knee, takes Mary's limp hand, closes her fingers around the handle of the knife, puts the tip of the blade to his throat, looks up into her face, and speaks in a hoarse, pleading voice.

HYDE

Do the world a favor: kill me.
(pause)
Kill me.

VOICES and LAUGHTER can be heard approaching. Hyde releases Mary's hand, which subsides limply onto her lap, still holding the knife. He rises, retrieves his derby and cane, and walks off into the night just as a big fat tart and two gentlemen friends come strolling down the path from the pleasure gardens.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (4)

111

They stop short and stare aghast at the scene that meets their eyes: Bradshaw's bloody corpse sprawled on its back and, on the bench nearby, the apathetic, motionless figure of Mary with her bodice slit and the knife in her blood-smeared hand.

112 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

112

A bleak, gaslit room. Mary, with her slit bodice pinned up and her shawl clutched tightly across her bosom, is seated on a hard chair in front of a central table. A constable is stationed beside the door. Another constable, seated at the end of the table, has been taking notes on a pad of buff paper. A POLICE INSPECTOR stands facing Mary with one of the buff sheets in his hand. He taps it disdainfully.

INSPECTOR

You expect me to believe this?

MARY

It's the gospel truth, sir.

INSPECTOR

And he never even knew him?

MARY

(vehemently)

He didn't, he didn't! Why should I lie to you?

INSPECTOR

Because you're scared, my girl -- because you're ignorant of the law, that's why. You had a legitimate right to defend yourself.

Mary clasps her head in despair.

INSPECTOR

Look, let me help you: the deceased lured you to a deserted spot and tried to take advantage of you; you resisted his advances; he ripped your gown -- he produced a knife and threatened to kill you unless you let him have his way with you; you were frightened out of your wits; you got the knife away from him and stabbed him in self-defense.

Mary shakes her head helplessly.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

MARY

But it wasn't like that, sir. Mr. Bradshaw was a nice enough young fellow -- he never done anything bad, just tried to kiss me...

She props her arms on the table, pillows her head on them, and starts sobbing bitterly.

MARY

That's all he did! I never touched him, as God's my witness...

INSPECTOR

(sighs)

Very well.

He glances at the note-taking constable, who shrugs, then taps Mary on the arm. She looks up dazedly.

INSPECTOR

Here, read this through carefully.

He puts the buff sheet into her hand. Still sobbing, she starts to read it.

INSPECTOR

(to the constable
beside the door)

Bring that couple in.

The constable exits and returns a few moments later with Arthur and Ada, who are looking pale and shocked. He gestures to them to sit down on a bench against the wall. They do so, staring at Mary.

INSPECTOR

(to Mary)

Well, is that an accurate summary
of what you've just told me?

She gives an almost imperceptible nod. He dips a pen in an inkwell on the table and hands it to her. She signs the statement.

INSPECTOR

You'll remain in custody
overnight. We'll pursue the
matter further in the morning.

He nods to the constable at the door, who comes over, takes Mary by the arm, and leads her out. Arthur and Ada watch her go in stony-faced silence.

113 INT. POLICE STATION - CHARGE ROOM - NIGHT

113

The constable escorts Mary across the charge room to a passage on the far side. The fat tart is sitting on a bench with her two gentlemen friends, one of whom has dozed. She nudges him awake and whispers as Mary goes by.

114 EXT. THE MASTER'S HOUSE - TERRACE - DAY

114

A cab pulls up outside the door. The Inspector gets out followed by a constable escorting Mary. They climb the steps and ring the bell.

The door is opened by Poole. He peers past the Inspector at Mary and the constable. The Inspector says something to him. After a moment's hesitation he stands aside to let them enter. The door closes.

115 INT. DRAWING ROOM - DAY

115

The Master sits slumped in an armchair beside the fire, his left hand in his jacket pocket, his right hand supporting his head. He looks a physical wreck.

The Inspector stands facing him while Mary, frozen-faced and apathetic, sits on an upright chair in the background with the constable stationed beside her.

THE MASTER

(dramatically)

No! This is too terrible! Great heavens, Inspector, what's the world coming to?! I can't believe it!

(struggles to his feet)

Forgive me, I...

He totters over to the drinks table, pours himself a large brandy, and knocks it back.

THE MASTER

May I offer you gentlemen...?

INSPECTOR

Not while on duty, sir, thank you.

The Master returns to his armchair and subsides into it again.

INSPECTOR

The circumstantial evidence is quite sufficient to justify my charging this young woman here.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

THE MASTER

Mary?! But that's quite absurd -- absolutely preposterous! I know her -- she wouldn't hurt a fly!

INSPECTOR

As I say, sir, the evidence is purely circumstantial -- that's why we're here. Before charging her, I should appreciate your comments on an allegation she has made concerning yet another employee of yours, one Edward Hyde.

THE MASTER

Hyde? What of him?

INSPECTOR

She claims that the murder was committed by him.

The Master gives a start of amazement and clasps his brow.

THE MASTER

Good God, now I understand!

INSPECTOR

What is it, sir?

THE MASTER

Now I understand! One moment, Inspector.

He reaches for the bellpull and gives it a feeble but urgent tug.

THE MASTER

How on earth could I have been so credulous, so gullible!

INSPECTOR

Sir?

THE MASTER

I should have known -- I should have suspected!

(shakes his head)

I still can't believe it. Poor Bradshaw, what a terrible way to die. Such an agreeable young fellow, too. I shall miss his cheerful face about the house.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

INSPECTOR

You were speaking of the man Hyde,
sir.

THE MASTER

Ah yes. You must excuse me,
Inspector, I'm unwell... the
shock... it's hard to collect
one's thoughts...

INSPECTOR

I take it you have some information
that may shed light on your
maidservant's statement?

THE MASTER

Yes indeed, Inspector, yes indeed.
If you'll bear with me a moment
longer, I believe I hear my butler
coming now.

Poole KNOCKS and enters. The Master gropes in his
pocket, produces a key and holds it out.

THE MASTER

Poole, go at once to my laboratory.
On the floor beside the fireplace
you'll find a bundle of clothes.
Bring them here, quickly.

Poole takes the key and exits. The Master rests his head
on his hand again, shakes it sorrowfully.

THE MASTER

You see, Inspector, he called on
me late last night. It must have
been shortly after the...
incident.

INSPECTOR

You spoke with him?

The Master nods.

INSPECTOR

Would you be good enough to
describe exactly what passed
between you?

The Master draws a deep breath. Beads of sweat have
broken out on his forehead, his jaw muscles are working.
He draws a hand across his face.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (3)

115

THE MASTER

Forgive me, Inspector, I... I find
it difficult, in view of what's
happened...

He heaves himself out of the chair and goes to the fire-place, where he leans on the mantelpiece with his face half averted and his left hand still in his pocket.

THE MASTER

I was working late when he knocked
at the laboratory door, very
disheveled and in great distress.

INSPECTOR

Did he advance any explanation for
his appearance?

THE MASTER

He said he'd lost money on the
horses -- more than he could ever
hope to repay. The bookmaker had
set his bully-boys on him. He'd
fought them off, but he knew he
couldn't escape them forever. He
swore he was in mortal danger --
he begged me for some money and a
change of clothes. He dared not
return to his lodgings, you see.

INSPECTOR

And you accommodated him?

THE MASTER

I've always allowed my heart to
rule my head, Inspector. Yes, fool
that I was: I gave him twenty
pounds and another old suit of mine.

INSPECTOR

Another?

THE MASTER

Yes, the one he had on was itself
a castoff from my wardrobe.

INSPECTOR

Did he give you any indication of
where he proposed to go?

THE MASTER

No. Yes, wait a minute...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (4)

115

THE MASTER (CONT'D)

I think he said something about a passage to America. My God, the man could be on the high seas at this very moment! To think that I unwittingly...

Poole knocks and enters carrying a bundle of clothes at arm's length. His face is very pale: dangling from the bundle is a shirtsleeve almost covered with brownish bloodstains.

The constable and Mary stare transfixed at the errant shirtsleeve, the Inspector picks it up by the cuff and examines it.

The Master lurches away from the fireplace, his face contorted with pain. He half covers it with his hand.

THE MASTER

(hoarsely)

You must excuse me, Inspector... an attack... I... my medicaments ... I must get to my laboratory at once...

He totters toward the door, stumbles on the threshold, and puts out both arms to steady himself. We catch a momentary glimpse of something white: his left hand -- the hand that was in his pocket -- is bandaged. He exits.

116 INT./EXT. KITCHEN/GARDEN - DAY

116

The kitchen window reveals a barren expanse of garden thinly coated with snow, which is still falling.

Poole is presiding at the kitchen table with Mrs. Kent on his right and Mary and Peter on his left. The atmosphere is muted. Only Peter is eating with gusto. Mrs. Kent heaves a sigh.

MRS. KENT

Poor Mr. Bradshaw, he wasn't a bad young man for all his teasing ways. I still can't get used him not being here.

POOLE

Neither can I, Mrs. Kent. Twenty years a butler, and here I am doing valet's work. It's not right.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

MRS. KENT

There's not that much work to do these days, what with the Master shut up out there all the time. He's making himself ill again.

PETER

(with his mouth full)
P-p'raps he's working on sumfink to m-make hisself well.

POOLE

I told the Master, I said, there's this nephew of mine looking for another position -- my sister's boy. First-class references, excellent character, hard-working. But no, he says he's going to do without a manservant from now on.

MRS. KENT

I reckon he blames himself for Mr. Bradshaw's death. If he hadn't engaged that murdering...

Mary rises abruptly, walks to the window, stares out.

MRS. KENT

(reproaches herself in an undertone)

Now why did I go mentioning it? I sometimes forget she's there, she's been that quiet since it happened.

POOLE

(unpleasantly)
Still waters run deep, Mrs. Kent.

A BELL JANGLES. He turns to look at the board.

POOLE

Mary, front door.

Mary turns and heads for the door to the stairs.

117 INT. HALLWAY/EXT. TERRACE - DAY

117

Mary opens the front door. Mr. Utterson is standing on the doorstep with his carriage waiting at the curb. Mary bobs.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

MARY
Good day, sir.

UTTERSON
Good day to you, Mary, isn't it?

MARY
Yes, sir.

UTTERSON
Is your Master at home?

MARY
I... If you'll wait in the hall,
sir, I'll fetch Mr. Poole.

She ushers him inside.

118 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

118

Mary hurries in.

MARY
It's Mr. Utterson asking to see
the Master, Mr. Poole.

Poole scowls at her indignantly and gets to his feet.

POOLE
He's not at home to anyone, Mary,
you know that.

MARY
But it's Mr. Utterson.

POOLE
Not anyone, Mary. I'm surprised
you could forget such a simple
direction.

He stomps out. Mary resumes her place at table looking
subdued. A MURMUR of VOICES from upstairs, then the
FRONT DOOR CLOSES.

119 EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

119

Mary makes her way across the snowy garden carrying a
breakfast tray. She walks with care to avoid slipping
on the flagstones. Transferring the tray to one hand,
she opens the theater door and enters.

120 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - MORNING

120

Mary crosses the theater and climbs the stairs. She puts the tray on the landing table beside an untouched supper tray and knocks discreetly.

MARY

Sir?

VOICE (O.S.)

What is it?

The voice is hoarse and peremptory. She hesitates.

MARY

Your breakfast, sir. I've put it on the table.

VOICE (O.S.)

And the order?

MARY

The order?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, from the chemist.

MARY

Mr. Poole will be over with it any minute, sir.

VOICE (O.S.)

I said first thing!

Mary turns away with a puzzled frown and sets off down the stairs. After a few steps she pauses and returns to the landing. She stoops and puts her eye to the keyhole.

121 INT. LABORATORY - POV THROUGH KEYHOLE - MORNING

121

Though PARTLY OBSCURED by the key, the keyhole affords a view of an armchair at the nearer or "den" end of the room. A man, visible from the neck down only, is seated sideways on the edge of a chair with one knee almost touching the floor. He has his jacket off, his left cuff undone, and his shirtsleeve rolled up. Around the upper part of his arm is a strap with a tourniquet screw built into it. He gives the screw another couple of turns, causing the veins in his forearm to swell. His right hand disappears, then reappears holding a large hypodermic syringe. He inserts the needle in a vein and presses the plunger.

122 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - MORNING

122

Mary rises to her feet, picks up the supper tray, and slowly descends the stairs, looking troubled and bewildered.

123 EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

123

Mary is a few feet from the kitchen door when it opens and Poole emerges wearing his overcoat and carrying a cardboard box of chemical jars under his arm.

POOLE

Ah Mary, give me that. You can take this across for me.

She stares at him and shakes her head.

MARY

No, Mr. Poole, please.

POOLE

What's the matter with you, girl?

MARY

I beg of you, Mr. Poole.

The sheer desperation in her voice dissuades him from pursuing the matter. He gives her a searching, disapproving look.

POOLE

I'll speak to you later.

He walks on down the snowy path.

124 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

124

Mary enters and sits down at the kitchen table looking subdued. Mrs. Kent sips her tea while Peter puts the finishing touch to his breakfast by wiping his plate clean with a crust of bread.

MRS. KENT

Manners, Peter! I've told you about that before.

PETER

I like b-bacon grease, Mrs. K-kent. My m-mum says it makes yer 'air grow.

Mrs. Kent clicks her tongue and wags her head. Mary suddenly looks up.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

MARY
 Did you hear someone calling,
 Mrs. Kent?

Mrs. Kent cocks her head and listens, too. A DISTANT CRY is heard. Mary jumps up.

MARY
 It's coming from out there!

She hurries to the kitchen door, opens it, and peers out.

125 INT. KITCHEN/EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

125

Framed by the kitchen doorway, Poole emerges from the surgical theater half-dragging, half-supporting The Master's limp form. He catches sight of Mary with Mrs. Kent and Peter behind her, and calls to them.

POOLE
 Quick, give me a hand!

Mary runs to join him. Mrs. Kent, who has her hands over her mouth, stands transfixed in the kitchen doorway with Peter beside her.

POOLE
 (panting hard)
 Must have fallen -- I found him
 lying at the bottom of the stairs.
 Here, take his other arm.

The Master's legs trail through the snow as they half-carry him toward the house.

126 EXT. THE MASTER'S HOUSE - TERRACE - DAY

126

The horse-drawn cab pulls up and Dr. Lanyon gets out. He hurries up the steps and rings the bell.

The door opens almost immediately. Poole, looking grave, ushers him inside and shuts the door.

127 INT. HALLWAY, STAIRS - DAY

127

Mary's anxious face can be seen hovering at the head of the kitchen stairs.

Poole precedes Dr. Lanyon to the foot of the main staircase.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

POOLE

If you'll follow me, sir.

They set off up the stairs.

DR. LANYON

How is he?

POOLE

Proper poorly, sir, or I'd never have taken the liberty of summoning you without his permission. I couldn't ask him -- he's in no fit state.

DR. LANYON

You did right, Poole. In any case, physicians are notoriously poor judges of their own ailments.

Their voices fade as they climb to the third floor.

128 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

128

Mrs. Kent is busy at the stove. She looks around as Mary enters, pale with worry.

MRS. KENT

He's come, then?

MARY

Yes.

MRS. KENT

Queer, somehow, one doctor attending on another. You'd've thought they could doctor themselves.

MARY

Perhaps that's the trouble -- perhaps that's what he's been doing...

Poole puts his head around the door.

POOLE

Mary, Dr. Lanyon wants two hot water bottles up there at once -- and mind you wrap 'em up well.

He hurries out again.

129 INT. PASSAGE - DAY

129

Mary, with a towel-swathed stone hot water bottle under each arm, knocks at the door of The Master's bedroom.

DR. LANYON (O.S.)

Come in.

130 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

130

Mary enters. The Master is lying back against the pillows with his eyes closed, pale as death and still unconscious. Dr. Lanyon is checking his pulse with a fob watch while Poole looks on from the other side of the bed.

DR. LANYON

(to Poole)

What in heaven's name has he been doing to himself? His pulse rate's down to forty-five.

(to Mary, indicating the foot of the bed)

Shove 'em in there, girl.

MARY

Yes, sir.

She untucks the bedclothes, slides the hot water bottles beneath them, and tucks them in again.

POOLE

He's taken no proper nourishment for days, sir.

DR. LANYON

(grunts)

If he were some vagrant I'd found in a hedge, I'd say he was suffering from starvation and exposure.

He lays a concluding hand on The Master's brow and straightens up.

DR. LANYON

I prescribe absolute rest, an even temperature, and -- when he comes to himself -- light but regular meals. I'll have the chemist make him up an iron tonic. Above all, he's to have constant warmth. Keep a fire going day and night.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

POOLE
Very good, sir.

DR. LANYON
I'll look in again tomorrow
morning.

Mary bobs as he strides out. Poole follows, gesturing to her to stay behind. She perches on the edge of a chair, rests her elbows on her knees, cups her head in her hands, and gazes sorrowfully at The Master's waxen face.

131 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

131

The only light comes from the bedroom fire, which is burning brightly. No sound but the ticking of the clock on the mantelshelf. The Master is propped up against a nest of pillows with his eyes closed.

Mary is seated on an upright chair in the corner. Her head and shoulders are drooping sideways: she's fast asleep.

The Master's position is unchanged: not a movement.

Then... his eyes snap wide open. They glitter in the firelight.

132 EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

132

The glass roof of the surgical theater, which is glowing faintly, goes dark.

A CHIMING CLOCK prepares to strike the hour.

133 INT. THE MASTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

133

The CLOCK on the mantelshelf STRIKES TWO.

Mary stirs and opens her eyes, looks vacant for a moment, then alarmed: the bed is empty. The Master's nightshirt is lying on the floor in the dressing room doorway.

She jumps to her feet, peers into the dressing room, scans the bedroom wildly, and hurries out.

134 EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

134

The rear hallway door opens and Mary emerges.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

Shutting it behind her, she hurries across the snowy garden to the surgical theater.

The door is open. She goes inside.

135 INT. SURGICAL THEATER - NIGHT

135

Mary makes her way across the darkened theater. She passes the operating table and pauses beside the instrument rack where Bradshaw burlesqued The Master.

Light is coming from under the laboratory door. She sees it and calls.

MARY

Sir?

No sound. She climbs the stairs and tries the laboratory door, which opens. She enters.

136 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

136

Mary takes a few tentative steps into the room and calls again.

MARY

Sir?

HYDE (O.S.)

Shut the door.

She gasps and spins around.

Hyde is sitting on a chair just beside the door. He has his jacket off and his left sleeve rolled up. The tourniquet device is strapped to his upper arm.

Mary stands there petrified. All she can manage is a whisper.

MARY

You...

HYDE

Shut the door, I said.

Mary looks at the door but doesn't move. Hyde shuts it with his foot. There's a pause while he leisurely unscrews the tourniquet, unstraps it and tosses it onto a small table beside his chair. A flask of liquid and an empty hypodermic are already lying there. He looks up at her.

(CONTINUED)

HYDE

Are you afraid of me?

Mary tremulously, wordlessly nods her head.

HYDE

Do you think I mean to harm you?

MARY

(whispers)

I... I don't know, sir.

HYDE

What do you want here?

MARY

I'm... looking for my master.

He rises and saunters over to her, looks down at her for a long moment. All his movements are slow and deliberate in the extreme. He takes her hand, turns it over to examine the wrist, releases it. Then he raises his hand, pushes her hair aside, and voluptuously caresses the scars on her neck. His thumb and fingers curl around her throat and grip it.

MARY

Please don't, sir.

His hand tightens on her throat, compressing it.

MARY

(choking)

You're hurting me, sir!

He relaxes the pressure a little and leans forward until his face is only inches from hers.

HYDE

I'm your master...

His tone conveys that he can do as he pleases with her. Still imprisoned by his hand, she shakes her head. He finally releases her.

HYDE

I'm your master, don't you know
that yet?

She shakes her head even more resolutely.

Hyde's face suddenly darkens. He seizes her by the hair and yanks her head back.

(CONTINUED)

HYDE

But I am!
 (mimicking her voice)
 'I'm quite content as long as I
 can serve you, sir.'

Mary's eyes fill with hurt incomprehension. She spits in his face.

He raises his arm and wipes his eyes on his shirtsleeve.

Taking advantage of his momentary inattention, Mary darts to the door and wrenches it open, but Hyde is too quick for her: he grabs her by the hair again as she makes for the landing.

Mary erupts onto the landing with Hyde still holding her by the hair. She twists around and grapples with him. They overbalance, miss their footing, and roll down the stairs in a tangle of limbs.

Hyde scrambles up first. He slaps Mary and sends her reeling backward into an instrument RACK, which goes over with a CRASH.

She screams as he grabs her and slaps her again. She goes sprawling on her back among the scattered instruments. Seizing the first object that comes to hand -- a large pair of forceps -- she hurls it at a WINDOW on the garden side, SHATTERING it.

Hyde pounces on her, picks her up bodily and slams her down on the operating table. Heedless of her screams and struggles, he pins one leg down and secures her ankle to the table with a surgical strap. She tries to sit up and fight him off, but he slams her down again, spreads her thighs, starts on the other ankle.

Mary writhes and flings her head and arms about. Her straining fingers scrabble at the instrument rack beside the table. They close on the handle of an amputation fork just as Hyde, having secured her other ankle, hurls himself on her. Desperately, she plunges the fork into his chest.

He grunts and straightens up with a look of surprise, clutches his chest, looks down at the blood on his hands, and comes for her again with a snarl of rage. Frantically, she stabs him another three times in quick succession.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

Hyde staggers back, falls to his knees, starts crawling toward the door. He hauls himself up the doorpost and clings to it, looking back at Mary. His eyes are blurring, changing...

As he stands silhouetted in the doorway, lights appear beyond him on the servants' floor of the main house.

138 EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

138

Hyde turns and totters a few steps, pitches forward on his knees in the sparse snow, struggles to his feet and falls again. Dragging himself along sideways on one elbow, he looks back at the theater. His resemblance to The Master is already more marked.

Mary appears in the doorway. She stands there swaying, staring.

Hyde/Master continues to drag himself along without taking his eyes off her.

Mary takes a few hesitant steps into the garden. Her face registers growing amazement.

Hyde/Master raises his hand toward her as if trying to say something, then flops over on his back in the snow.

Mary slowly approaches him, peers at him. The transformation is complete: it's The Master lying there.

She recoils a couple of steps in disbelief and puts her hands to her mouth.

MARY
(whispers)
No... No...

She approaches him once more. He raises his arm in another mute appeal.

THE MASTER
(almost inaudibly)
Mary...

She falls on her knees beside him and takes his hand in hers.

MARY
(whispers)
Oh, my God... My God...

The Master's eyes become unfocused. He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

She puts out a hand to touch his face, but she doesn't dare to do so even now. Instead, she raises his hand to her lips and kisses it, then buries her face in his shoulder, sobbing.

There's the sound of a BOLT BEING WITHDRAWN. The kitchen door opens and Poole appears in nightshirt and dressing gown, holding an oil lamp aloft. Mrs. Kent and Peter, also in their night attire, peer timidly over his shoulder.

The two figures of Mary and The Master lie motionless in the snow.

139 EXT. THE MASTER'S HOUSE - TERRACE - EARLY MORNING

139

Patches of snow are visible here and there. A hansom cab and a black, horse-drawn police van are standing outside the house facing right. The uniformed driver of the van is waiting on the sidewalk.

The front door opens and the Inspector emerges. Mary, escorted by a CONSTABLE, follows. Poole lingers in the doorway while Mrs. Kent and Peter, visible only from the shoulders up, stand watching from halfway down the basement steps.

The Inspector says something to the Constable, gets into the cab, and drives off.

The driver opens the rear door of the van and climbs aboard. We see a narrow passage flanked by cell doors. The Constable jerks his head.

CONSTABLE

In there!

Mary gets in.

140 INT. POLICE VAN - MARY'S POV - EARLY MORNING

140

The driver opens a door and motions Mary into a dark, windowless cell little bigger than a broom cupboard. One last glimpse of him, then the door shuts with a sound like the end of the world, killing the light.

141 EXT. THE MASTER'S HOUSE - TERRACE - EARLY MORNING

141

The Constable and the driver get up on the box. The driver shakes the reins. The van moves off right, reaches the intersection, and turns left. Poole shuts the front door, Mrs. Kent and Peter disappear down the basement steps.

142 EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

142

The van trundles past the door in the garden wall and the end of the laboratory building.

We GO UP, CLEARING the wall and REVEALING the laboratory building in full. The snow in front of the open door is trampled and bloodstained. No sign of life. The CLIP-CLOP of horse's HOOVES dies away.

THE END

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SCRIPT PROCESSING DEPARTMENT
(818) 954-4632